

VOL. 5 NO. 3

JUNE 1945

Shadow

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COMICS

10¢

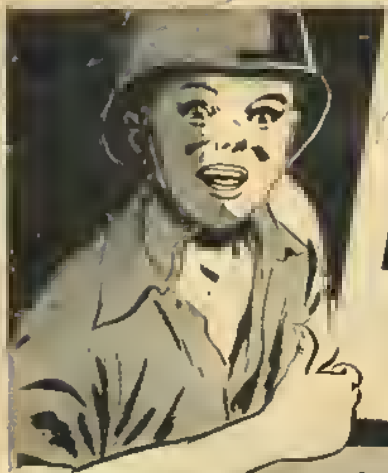


THE CIRCLE OF DEATH

a weird adventure
in which

THE SHADOW PROVES
THAT CRIME
DOES NOT PAY

2044



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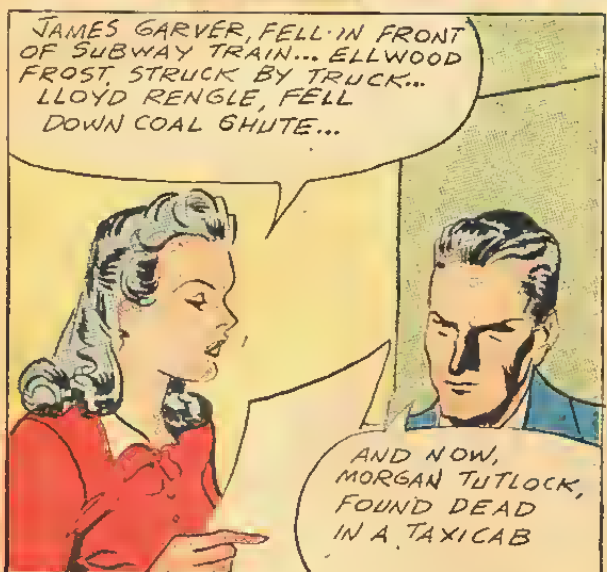
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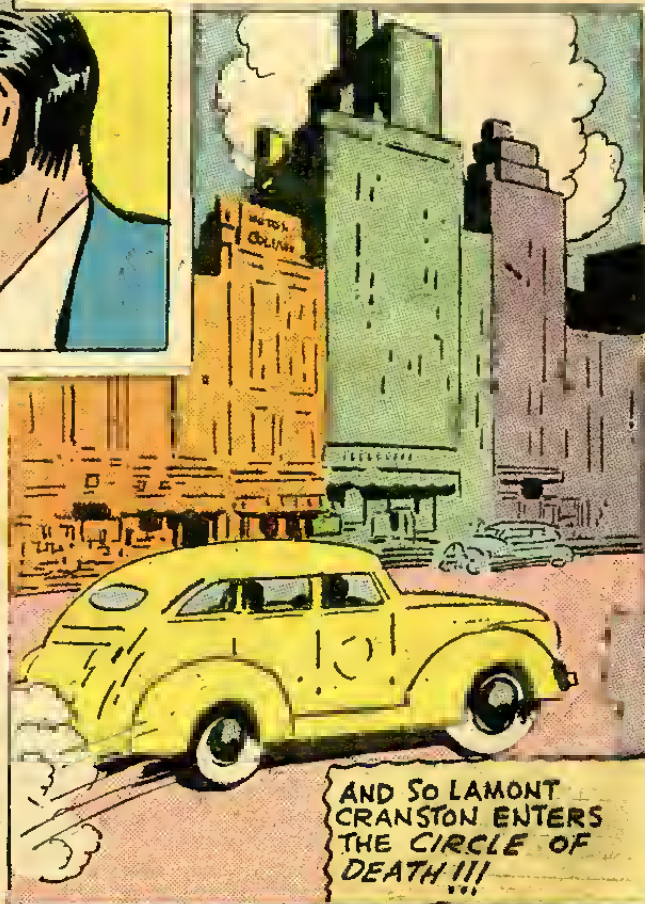
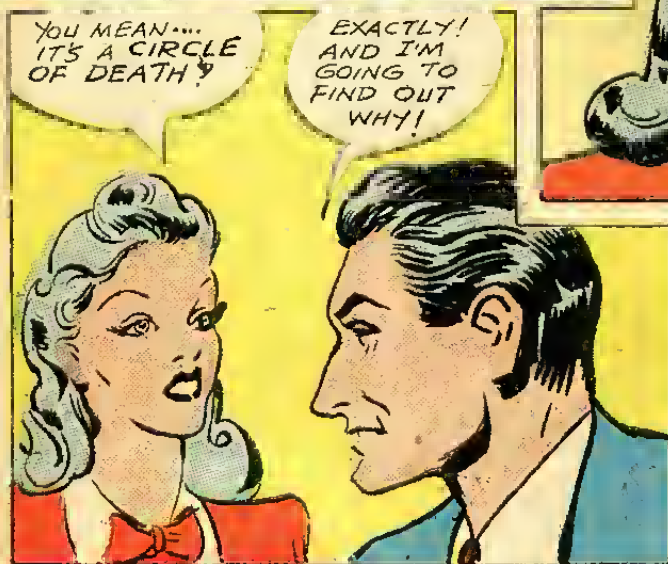
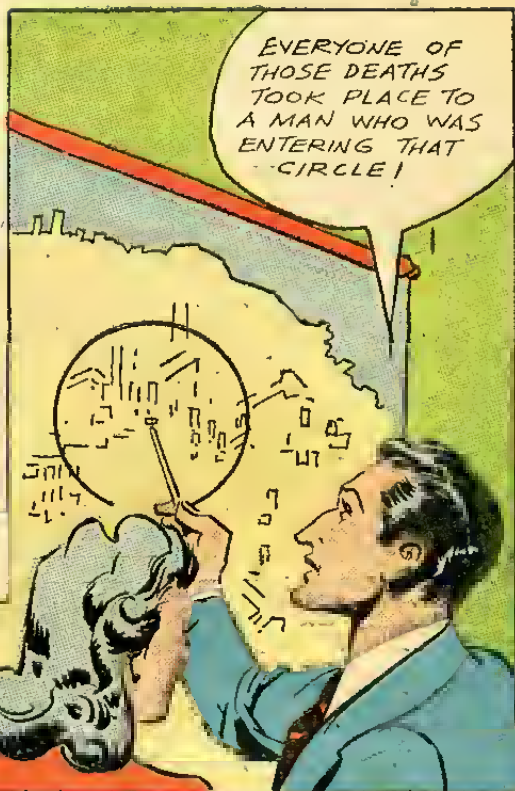
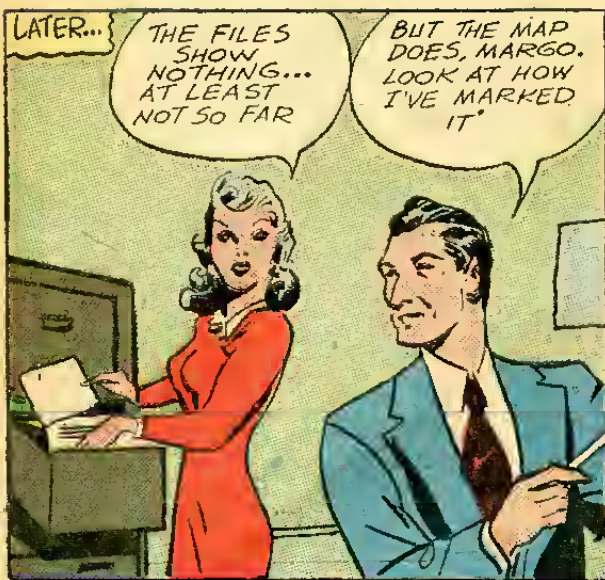
Inroads
The
CIRCLE
of
DEATH

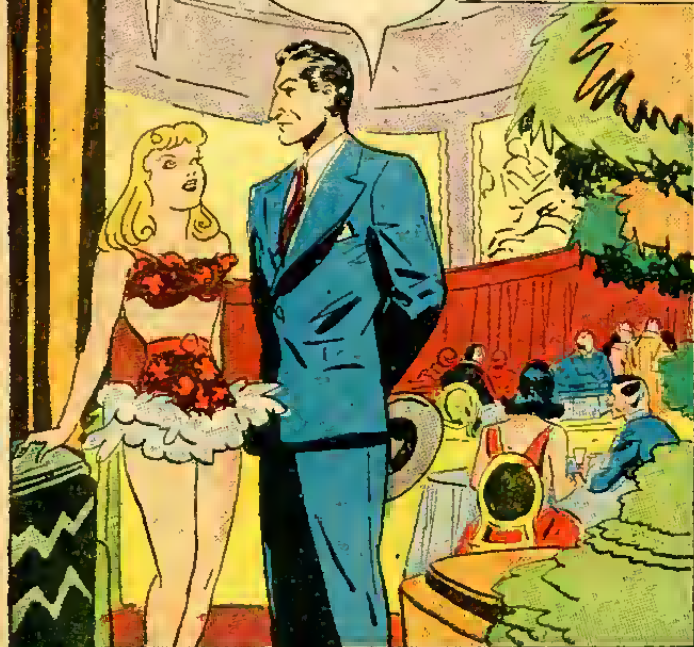
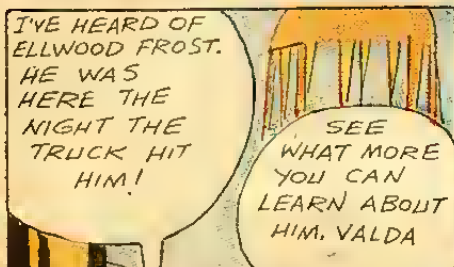
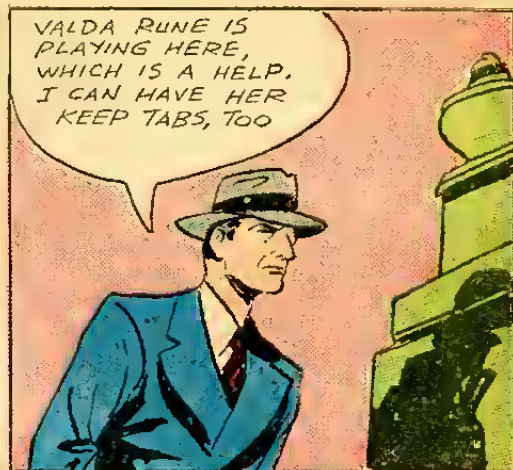


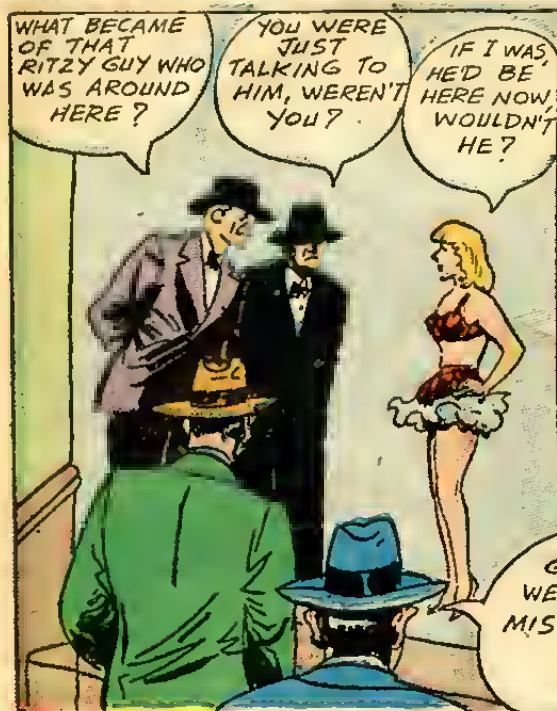
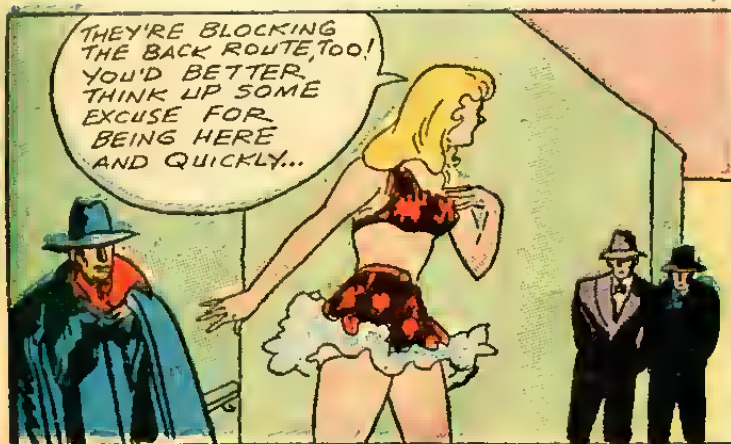
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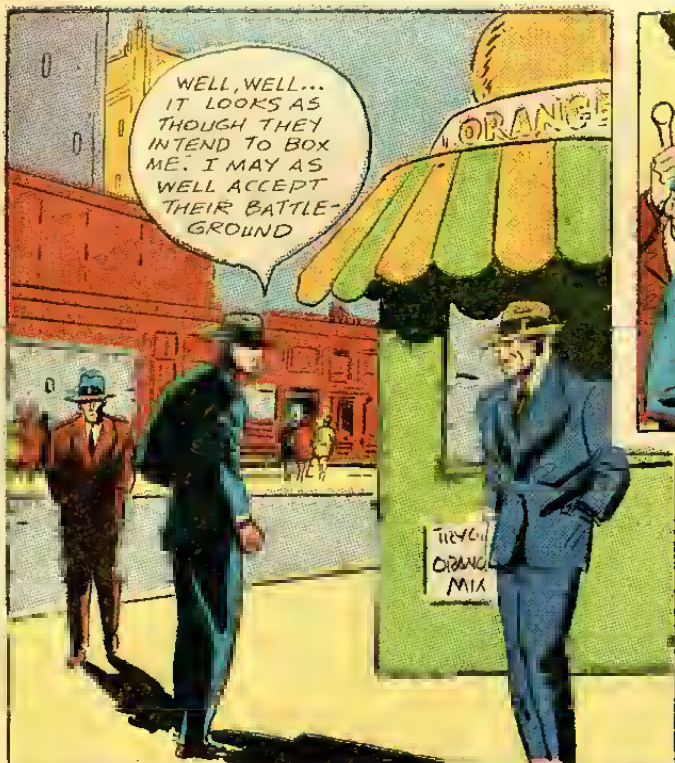


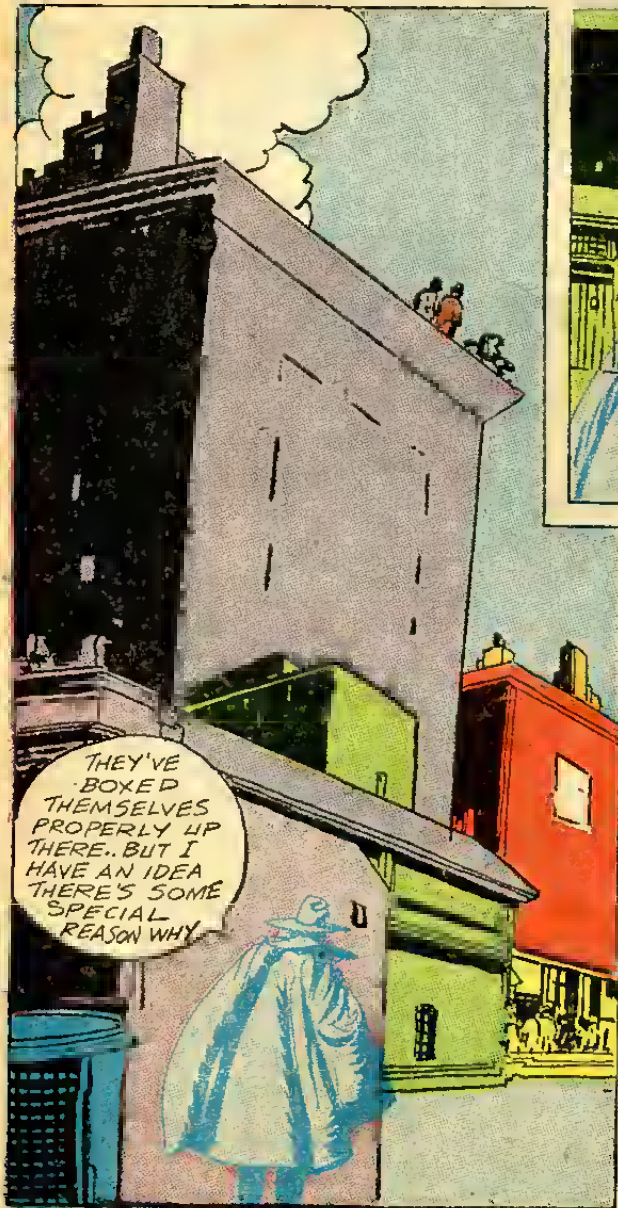
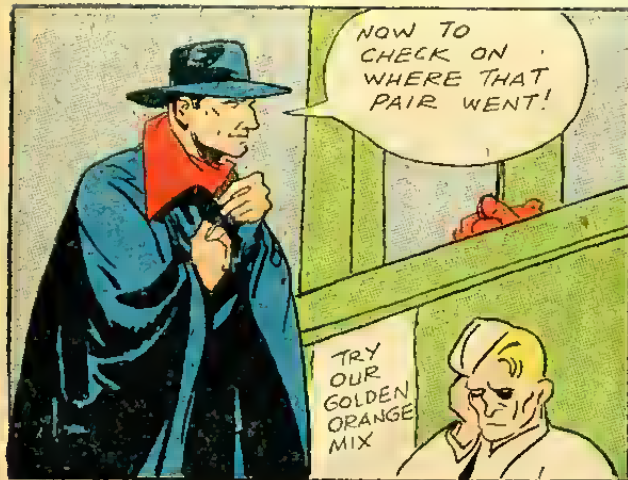










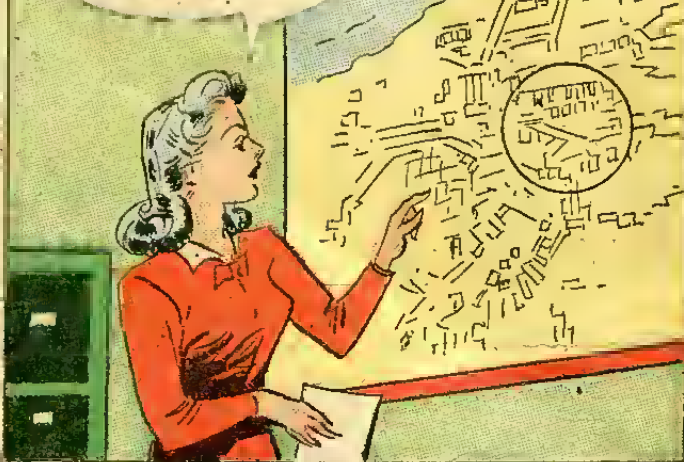


WHILE THE SHADOW IS WATCHING DEVELOPMENTS WITHIN THE CIRCLE OF DEATH, MARGO LANE MAKES A DISCOVERY!!!

NO LUCK WITH ANY OF THOSE NAMES! I WONDER WHAT PLACES ARE IN THAT DEATH CIRCLE BESIDE THE HOTEL GOLIATH!



THE CLUB LA RIX!
WHY, THAT'S WHERE VALDA RUNE IS PLAYING!
I'LL BET LAMONT IS WATCHING THE FLOOR SHOW INSTEAD OF CHECKING ON CRIME!



AND SO...

I'M LOOKING FOR MR. LAMONT CRANSTON

YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIM INSIDE, LADY

OH... HO!



GET INTO THIS COSTUME LIKE THE REST OF US!
IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE TO GET OUT ALIVE!

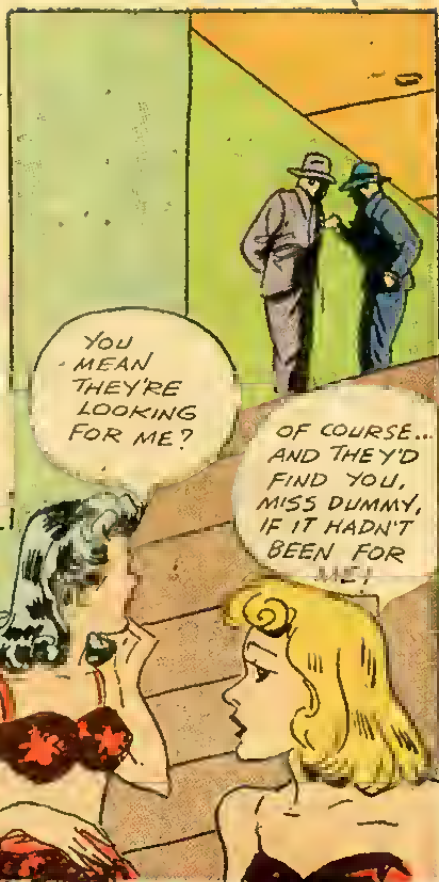
ALRIGHT, VALDA, BUT HOW AM I GETTING OUT BY GETTING IN, IS STILL A MYSTERY!

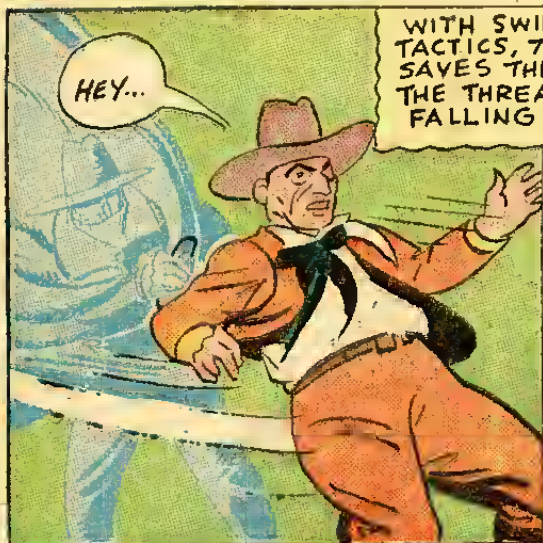


HELLO, VALDA! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN LAMONT, WOULD YOU?

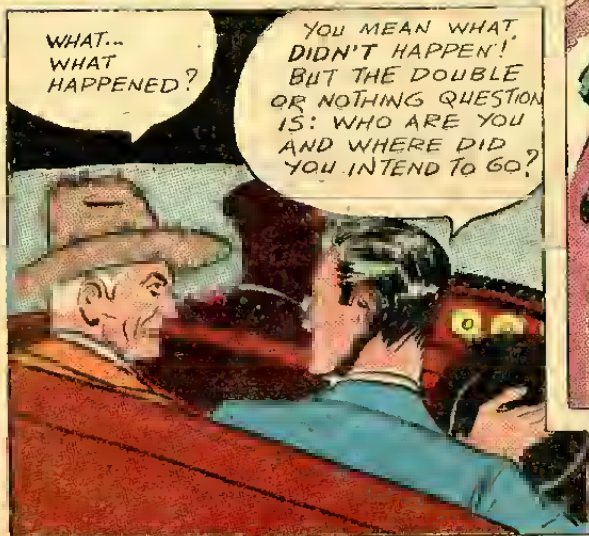
YOU MUST BE CRAZY, BARGING IN HERE! COME WITH ME, QUICKLY!







WITH SWIFT, POWERFUL TACTICS, THE SHADOW SAVES THE VICTIM FROM THE THREAT OF THE FALLING CORNICE !!!



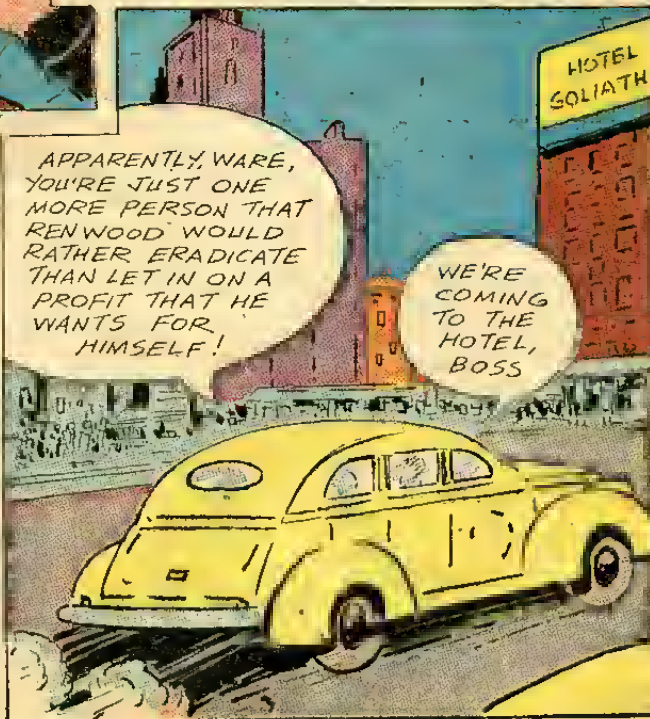
WHAT...
WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU MEAN WHAT,
DIDN'T HAPPEN!
BUT THE DOUBLE
OR NOTHING QUESTION
IS: WHO ARE YOU
AND WHERE DID
YOU INTEND TO GO?



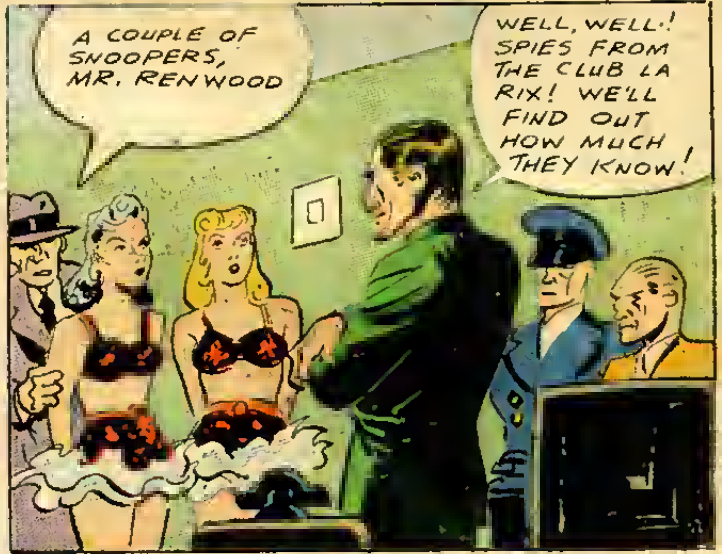
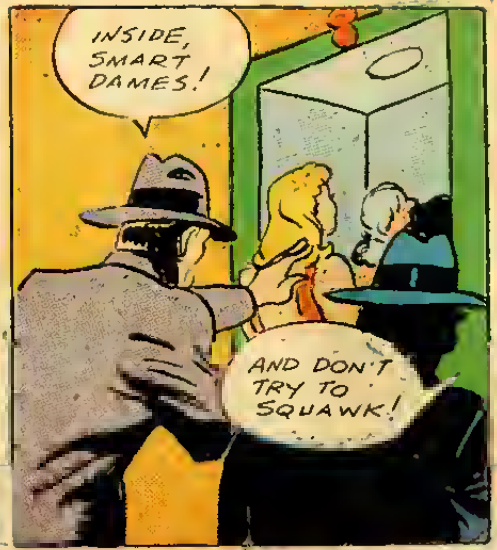
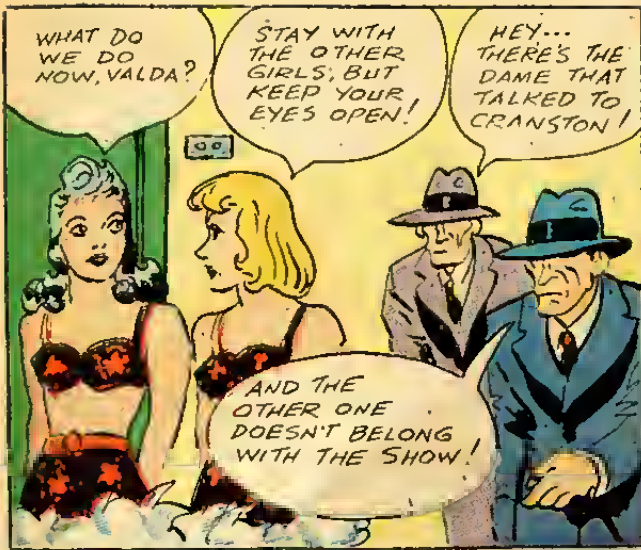
I'M WALTON WARE,
FROM TEXAS, COMING
TO CLOSE AN OIL
OPTION WITH
SILAS RENWOOD,
WHO LIVES AT
THE HOTEL
SOLIATH!

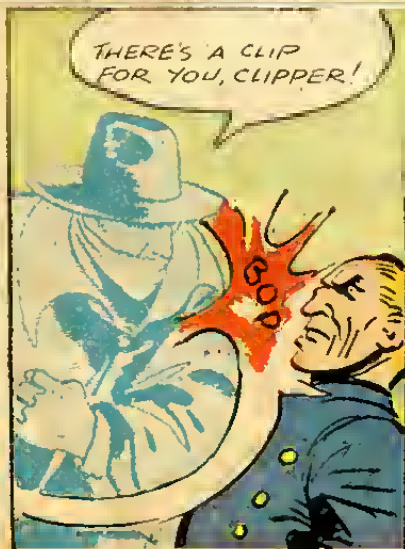
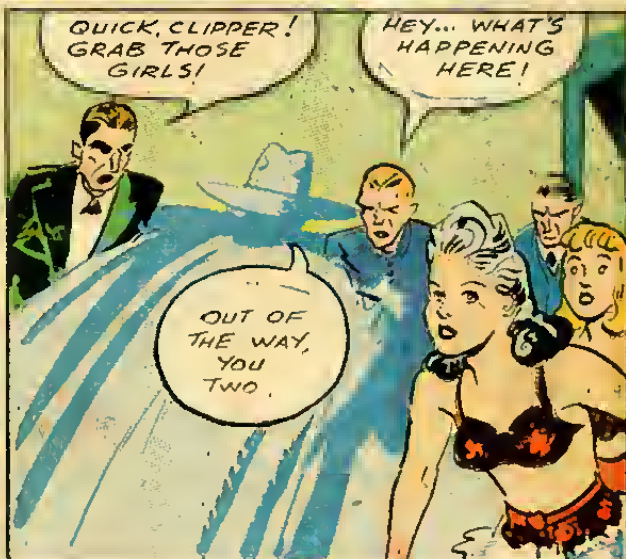
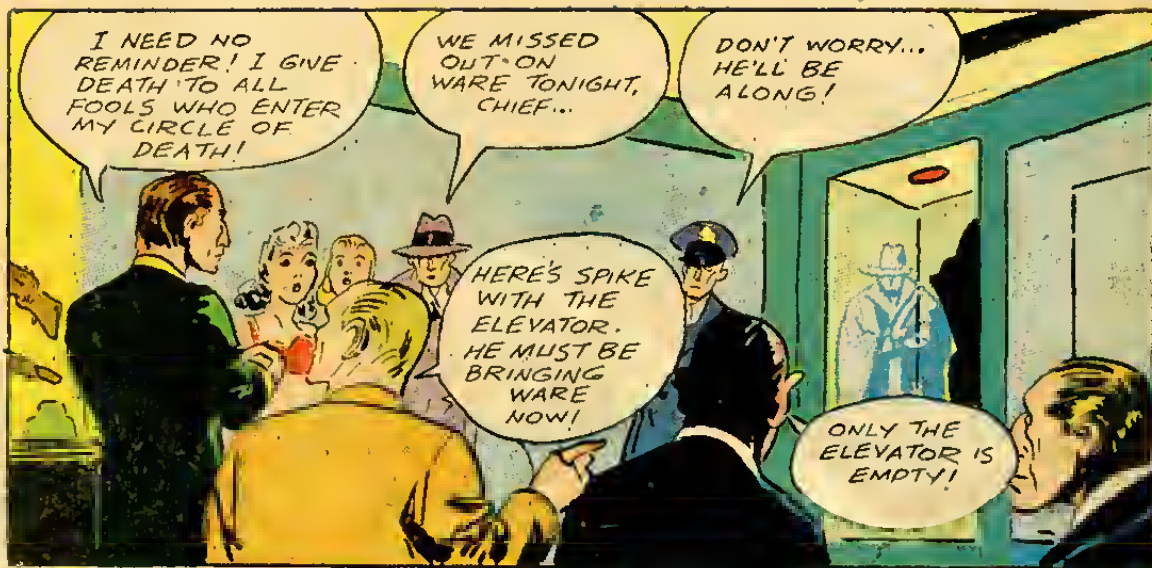
SO
THAT'S
THE
GAME!



APPARENTLY, WARE,
YOU'RE JUST ONE
MORE PERSON THAT
RENWOOD WOULD
RATHER ERADICATE
THAN LET IN ON A
PROFIT THAT HE
WANTS FOR
HIMSELF!

WE'RE
COMING
TO THE
HOTEL,
BOSS







SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
UP IN THAT
PENT-HOUSE
COMMISSIONER!

COME ON...
ALL OF YOU!
WE'LL PUT
A STOP
TO IT!

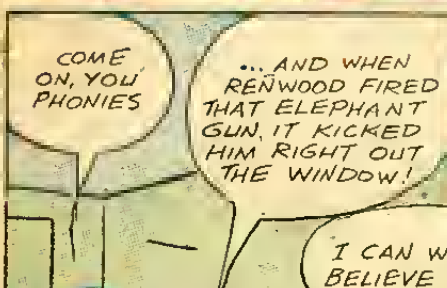


BOOM

ALL OUT
BUT
RENWOOD...

AND HE'S
GOING OUT
IN A BIG
WAY!

YOW

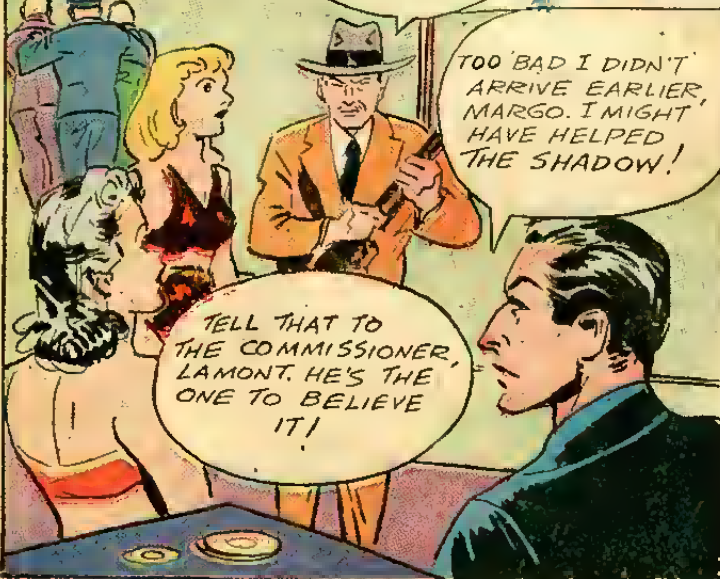


COME
ON, YOU
PHONIES

...AND WHEN
RENWOOD FIRED
THAT ELEPHANT
GUN, IT KICKED
HIM RIGHT OUT
THE WINDOW!

I CAN WELL
BELIEVE IT!

THAT GUN
HAS A HEAVY
KICK, RENWOOD!



TOO BAD I DIDN'T
ARRIVE EARLIER,
MARGO. I MIGHT
HAVE HELPED
THE SHADOW!

TELL THAT TO
THE COMMISSIONER,
LAMONT. HE'S THE
ONE TO BELIEVE
IT!

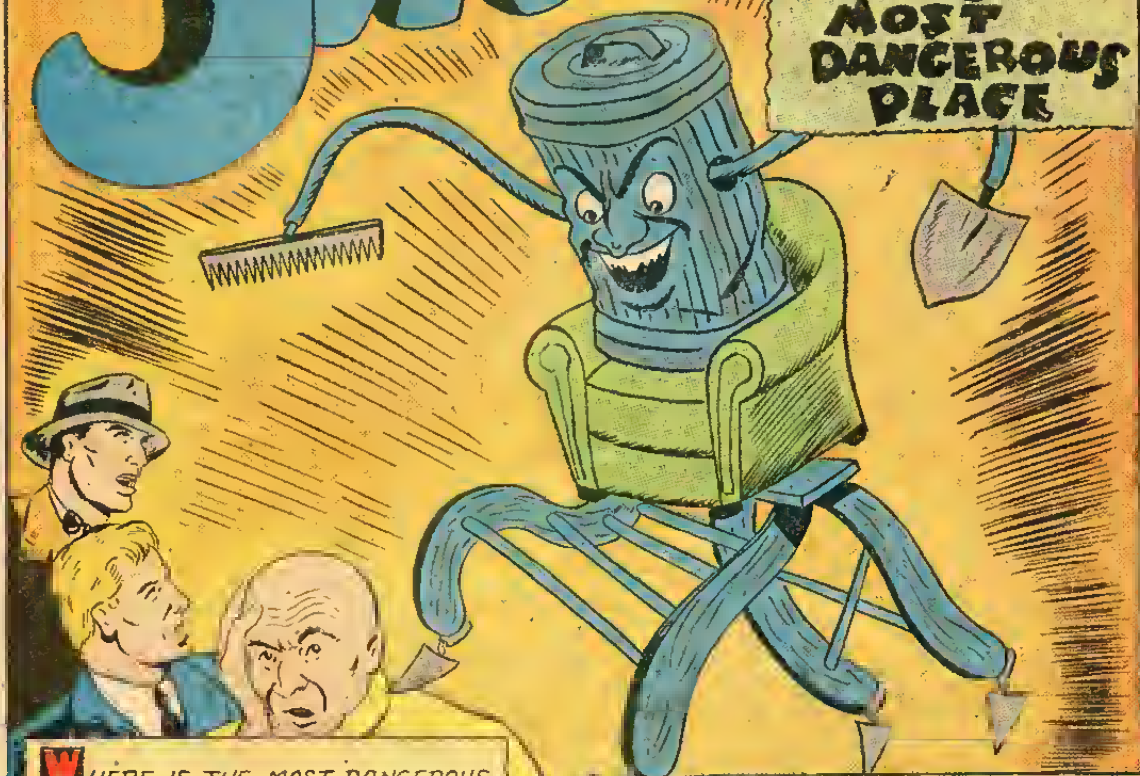
I CAN WELL
BELIEVE IT!

**"ANOTHER
SKULL 'MURDER"**
THE VICTIM'S HAND
CLUTCHED A TINY
CRYSTAL SKULL—
THAT WAS THE ONLY CLUE

READ
THE SHADOW'S
LATEST ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
**SHADOW
COMICS**

DOC SAVAGE

IN THE
MOST
DANGEROUS
PLACE



WHERE IS THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACE IN A PEACETIME COUNTRY? WHERE ARE MORE PEOPLE HURT—MORE PEOPLE KILLED THAN ANY OTHER PLACE? STILL DON'T HAVE AN IDEA? WELL, NEITHER DID DOC—UNTIL HE WAS PUT ON THE SPOT IN THE MOST DANGEROUS PLACE IN THE WORLD!!

HEADING HOME....

AFTER ME—
YOU COME
FIRST!

THAT WAS ONE GANG I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D CAPTURE! 'V FOR VICE' WAS THEIR MOTTO—AND THEY ALMOST MADE IT PAY OFF!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET INTO A TUB AND TAKE A BATH!

SOME "FRIENDS" PREPARE A WARM WELCOME!

OK, DIRK- SO WE CAN'T TAKE THIS TOWN OVER AS LONG AS DOC SAVAGE IS ALIVE- BUT WHY DON'T WE JUST **BLAST** HIM INSTEAD OF READING ABOUT HIM?

SOMETIMES I WONDER WHAT THEY FILLED YOUR HEAD WITH- INSTEAD OF BRAINS!!

LOOK, GOLDY- USE THE MUD IN YOUR HEAD! YOU READ ALL ABOUT SAVAGE! THEY'VE TRIED TO SHOOT HIM- STAB HIM- DISSOLVE HIM IN ACID- DISINTEGRATE HIM WITH A RAY GUN--- AND THEY ALL FAILED!!

BUT WHERE EVERY MASTER VILLAIN HAS FAILED... I SHALL **SUCCEED!!**

HOW- WHAT'S THE GAG?

HURRY UP! THEY MAY RETURN AND I WANT TO PREPARE THEIR DEATH TRAP IN THE MOST **DANGEROUS** PLACE IN THE WORLD!

WHERE'S THAT?

RIGHT **HERE!**

HAVE YOU GOT A HOLE IN YOUR HEAD? THAT'S DOC'S HOUSE!

JUST DO WHAT I TELL YOU- ACCORDING TO STATISTICS, YOUR OWN HOUSE IS THE MOST **DANGEROUS** PLACE IN THE WORLD - BECAUSE MORE PEOPLE ARE INJURED OR KILLED IN HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS THAN ANY OTHER PLACE- WE'RE JUST GONNA **HELP** THINGS ALONG!

SO IT IS THAT.....

EAST, WEST--
HOME'S THE BEST!

IT ~~DOES~~
FEEL SWELL!

I'M GOING TO BE THE FIRST
ONE IN THE TUB OR KNOW
THE
REASON
WHY!

DON'T LOOK
NOW-- BUT I'M THE
REASON WHY! I'M
GOING IN FIRST!

THIS IS ONE OF THE FEW
REASONS WHY I DON'T LIKE TO
COME BACK... WHAT A PILE OF
MAIL! *WONDER WHAT'S BEEN
GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF
CRIME SINCE WE'VE BEEN
AWAY?

THROUGH
WITH YOUR
BATH SO
FAST?

NAH-HAM BEAT
ME THERE-- HE
COULD ALWAYS RUN
FASTER
THAN ME!

CRASH!

WHAT IN THE
WORLD WAS
THAT SOUND?

YOU DON'T THINK
HAM SLIPPED ON
A CAKE OF SOAP,
DO YOU? Ho!Ho!

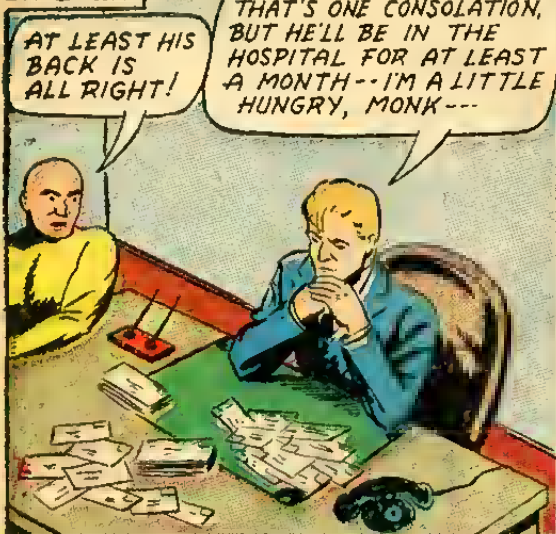
BUT IT IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.....

WHAT
HAPPENED?

HE **DID** SLIP ON A CAKE
OF SOAP--HE'S BROKEN
ONE LEG AND I'M WORRIED
ABOUT HIS BACK--CALL THE
HOSPITAL, MONK---

VERY STRANGE--
CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT-- NEVER LEFT THE
SOAP ON THE FLOOR--

LATER....



AT LEAST HIS
BACK IS
ALL RIGHT!

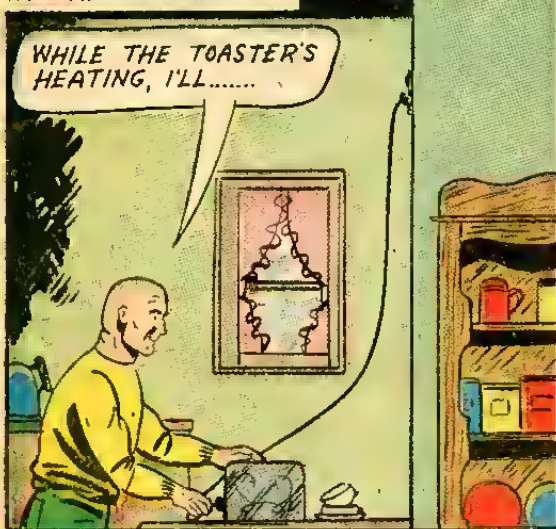
THAT'S ONE CONSOLATION,
BUT HE'LL BE IN THE
HOSPITAL FOR AT LEAST
A MONTH--I'M A LITTLE
HUNGRY, MONK---



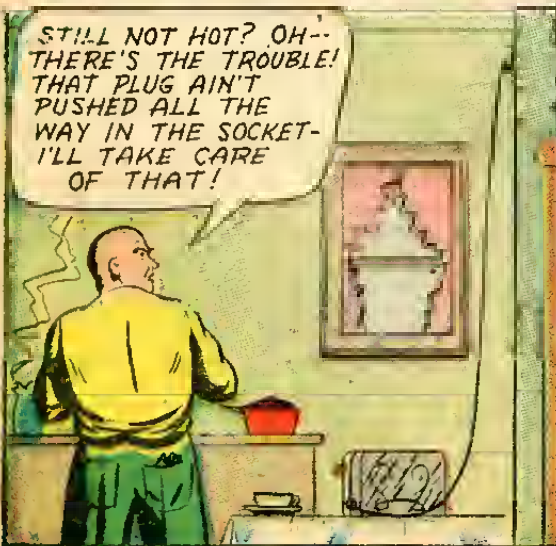
IF YOU'RE NOT TOO
HUNGRY, HOW ABOUT
SOME TOAST
AND TEA?

THAT'LL DO
FINE--I'LL GET
BACK TO MY
MAIL ---

IN THE KITCHEN.....



WHILE THE TOASTER'S
HEATING, I'LL.....



STILL NOT HOT? OH--
THERE'S THE TROUBLE!
THAT PLUG AIN'T
PUSHED ALL THE
WAY IN THE SOCKET--
I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THAT!



JUST TOO HIGH--I
SHOULD GET A
LADDER, BUT I
CAN MAKE IT
THIS WAY---
THERE! NOW
THAT TOAST
WILL BROWN!

AGAIN DOC IS INTERRUPTED BY A CRASH.....

GOOD GRIEF! IS THIS HOUSE
JINKED? **MONK!!**

HOW'D THIS HAPPEN?

OOH-MY ARM! I TRIED
TO PUT IN THE
PLUG AND IT
GAVE ME A
SHOCK - THE
SHOCK JOLTED
ME OFF THE
CHAIR---

WHAM!

OUCH!
WELL, THERE'S
YOUR TOAST,
DOC--

THAT'S ONE
PIECE I'D HAVE
CHEERFULLY DONE
WITHOUT-I'LL HAVE
TO GET YOU A BED
NEXT TO HAM--

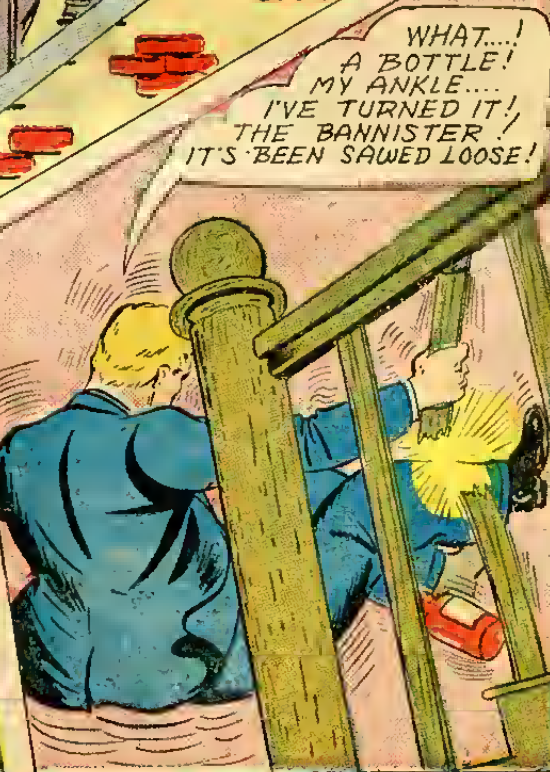
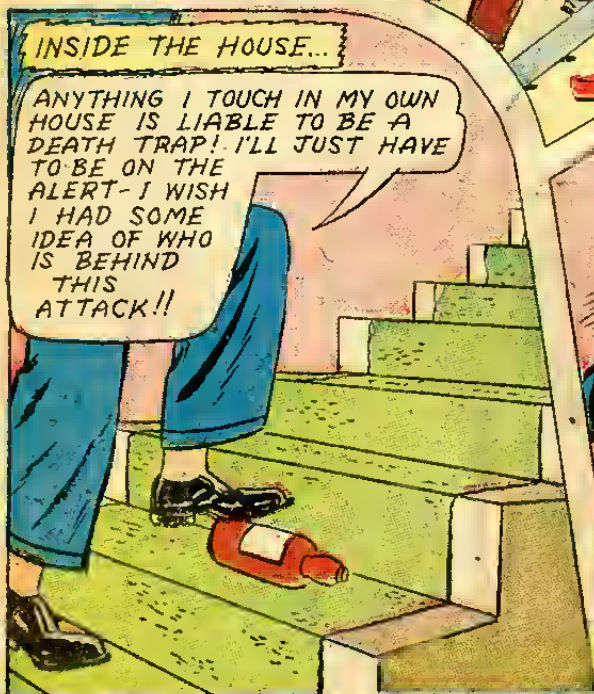
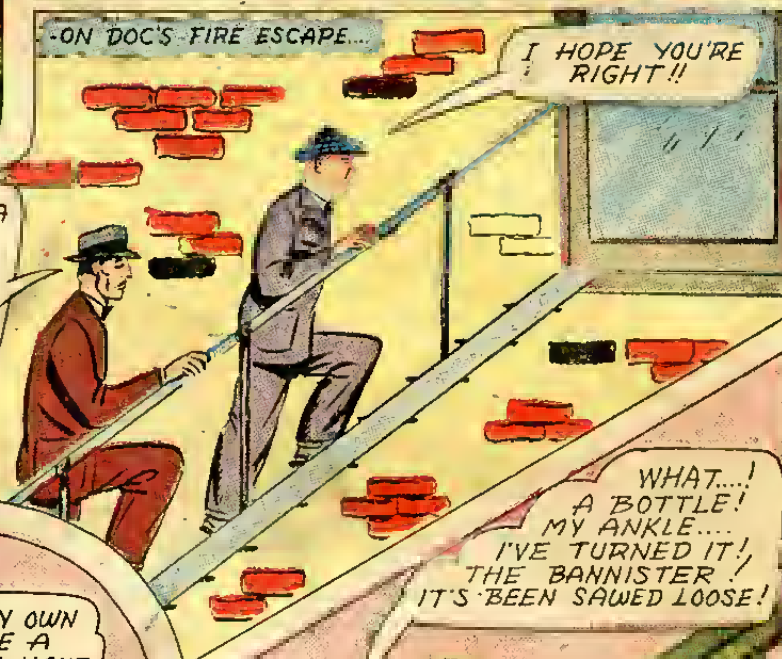
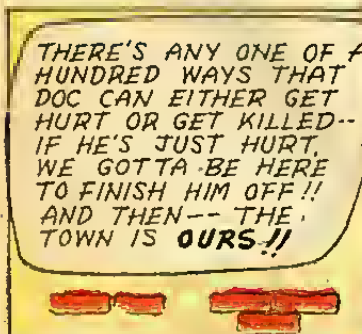
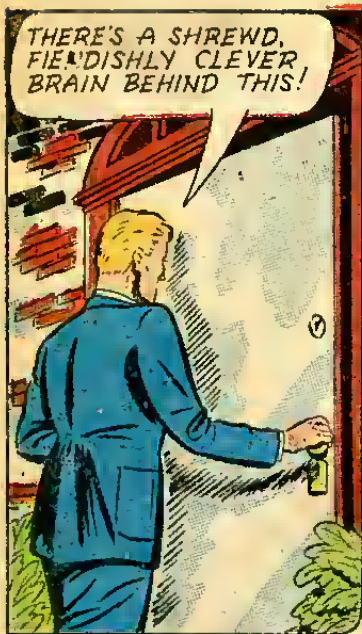
CLICK!

WHAT THE-LOOK!
THE TOAST-LETTERS
ON IT!!

I SWEAR THEY WERE'NT
ON IT WHEN I PUT THE
BREAD IN THE
TOASTER, DOC!!

SO THERE'S MORE TO OUR HOUSEHOLD
ACCIDENT THAN MEETS THE EYE!
JUST LIKE THE TORTURED MENTALITY
OF A CROOK! THEY THINK UP A
FOOLPROOF WAY OF GETTING RID-OF
US--THEN THEY HAVE TO BRAG
LIKE THIS

I'LL GET
YOU TO THE HOSPITAL
AND THEN COME BACK
AND GET TO WORK ON
THIS----



THE PEEPING TOMS SEE....

LOOK! WE GOT HIM!

WHADDAYA MEAN-WE!? IT WAS MY PLAN-AND IT WORKED! COME ON, WE GOTTA BLAST HIM!

AT LAST! THIS IS THE SPOT THAT EVERY CROOK HAS WANTED TO HAVE DOC SAVAGE ON! BUT IT TOOK ME- DIRK- TO DO IT!

GO AHEAD- SHOOT HIM! I WON'T FEEL SAFE 'TIL I KNOW HE'S DEAD!

-JUST ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO STOP PLAYING POSSUM.. IT HAS PAYED OFF- NOW I KNOW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!!

JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE, GOLDY, YOU PUT A SLUG IN HIM- THEN IF YOU SQUEAL- IT'LL BE TWO HOT SQUATS

ACCORDING TO STATISTICS MORE PEOPLE BREAK THEIR NECKS ON SCATTER RUGS THAN ANY OTHER WAY!

GET HIM!

I KNEW IT!

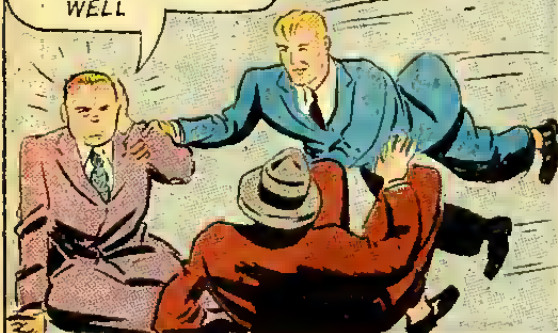
I'LL GET YOU YET!

SINCE YOU WERE SO UP ON HOME ACCIDENTS, HERE'S ONE YOU FORGOT! SCATTER RUGS ARE DANGEROUS!!

I KNEW IT! IN ALL THE STORIES- NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF A SPOT DOC'S IN- HE ALWAYS GETS OUT OF IT!

WHILE YOU WERE READING ABOUT PEOPLE GETTING HURT YOU SHOULD HAVE READ UP ON PEOPLE DYING FROM SHOCK - IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR - I'VE SEEN YOUR FACES BEFORE - ON CIRCULARS THAT SAID - "WANTED FOR MURDER"

SOMETIMES I DON'T THINK CRIME PAYS - WELL



DOC TURNS THEM OVER TO THE LAW - THEN....

I'M AWFULLY WORRIED ABOUT DOC - WISH WE'D HEAR FROM HIM!

YOU KNOW I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW THAT MESSAGE GOT ON THAT TOAST - I DON'T GET IT - SPEAKING OF TOAST - HERE'S SOME ---



-AND SPEAKING OF MESSAGES - LOOK AT YOUR TOAST!

WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED!

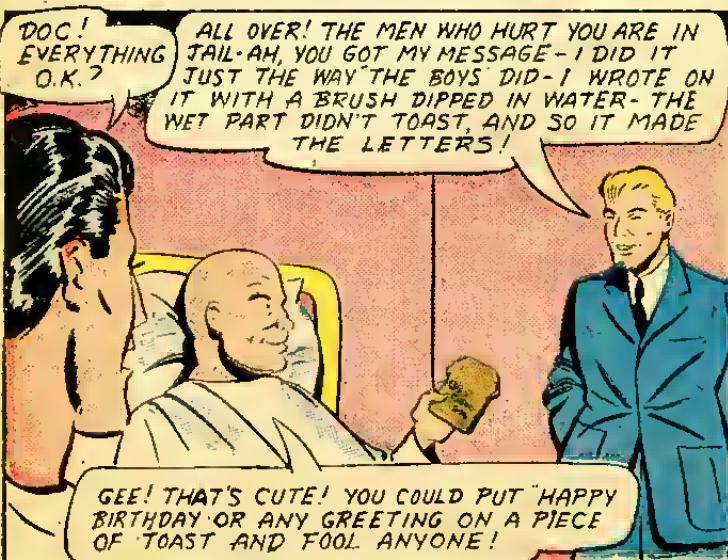


NOW HOW IN TARNATION DID HE DO THAT?



DOC! EVERYTHING O.K.?

ALL OVER! THE MEN WHO HURT YOU ARE IN JAIL - AM, YOU GOT MY MESSAGE - I DID IT JUST THE WAY THE BOYS DID - I WROTE ON IT WITH A BRUSH DIPPED IN WATER - THE WET PART DIDN'T TOAST, AND SO IT MADE THE LETTERS!



GEE! THAT'S CUTE! YOU COULD PUT "HAPPY BIRTHDAY OR ANY GREETING ON A PIECE OF TOAST AND FOOL ANYONE!

OUT OF THE
FRYING PAN—
INTO THE FIRE

was as nothing compared to
the jam Doc and his pals
got into when they trailed

THE MAN WHO COULD
MAKE LIGHTNING

IN

**SHADOW
COMICS**

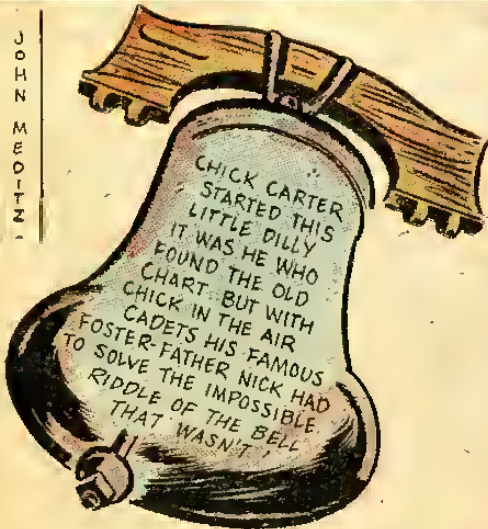
JULY ISSUE

NICK CARTER

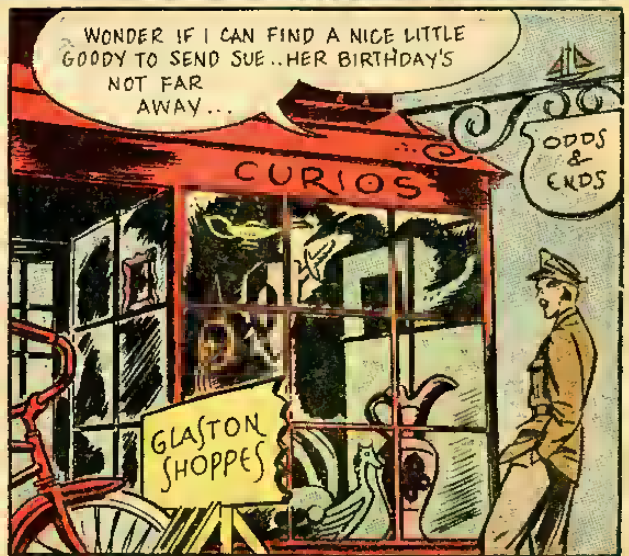
*"In For
What The Bell
Tolled"*

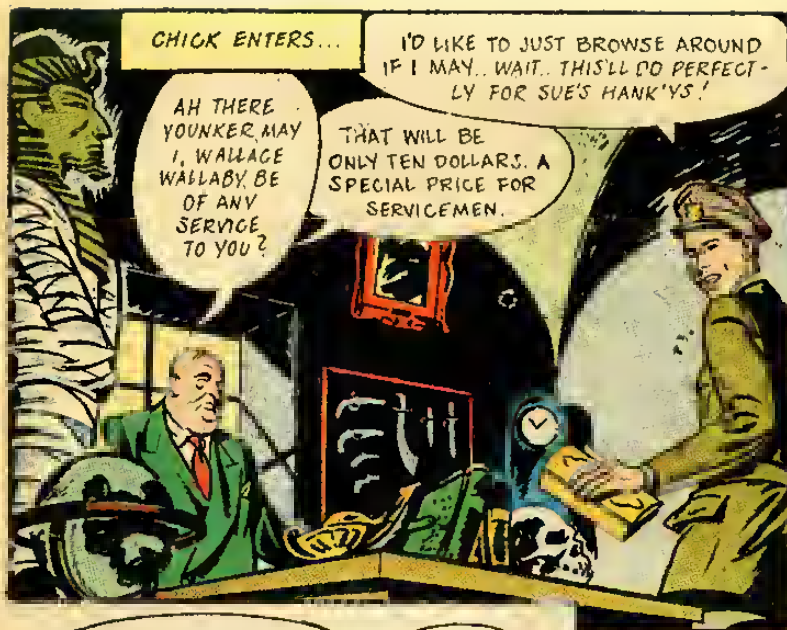


JOHN MEDITZ



4
H
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CHICK ENTERS...

I'D LIKE TO JUST BROWSE AROUND IF I MAY... WAIT... THIS'LL DO PERFECTLY FOR SUE'S HANK'YS!

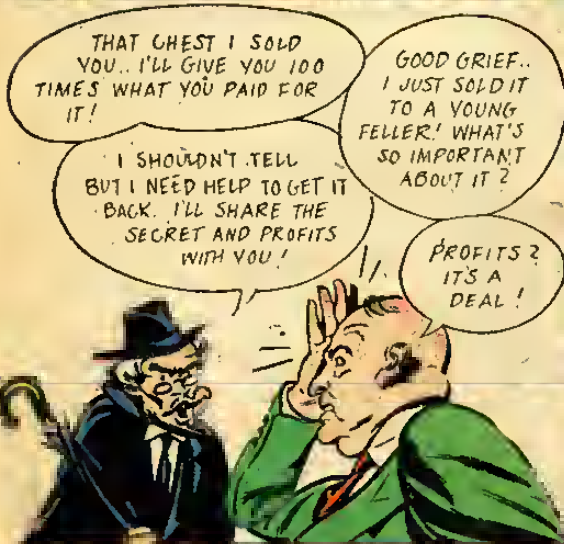
AH THERE YOUNKER, MAY I, WALLACE WALLABY, BE OF ANY SERVICE TO YOU?

THAT WILL BE ONLY TEN DOLLARS. A SPECIAL PRICE FOR SERVICEMEN.



I'D BETTER GET BACK TO CAMP. I'LL WRAP IT THERE!

MR. WALLABY, I'VE JUST DISCOVERED SOMETHING!



THAT CHEST I SOLD YOU... I'LL GIVE YOU 100 TIMES WHAT YOU PAID FOR IT!

GOOD GRIEF.. I JUST SOLD IT TO A YOUNG FELLER! WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT IT?

I SHOULDN'T TELL BUT I NEED HELP TO GET IT BACK. I'LL SHARE THE SECRET AND PROFITS WITH YOU!

PROFITS? IT'S A DEAL!



GO RIGHT AHEAD! TALK'S CHEAP!



BACK IN CAMP.....

TAKE IT EASY BOYS!

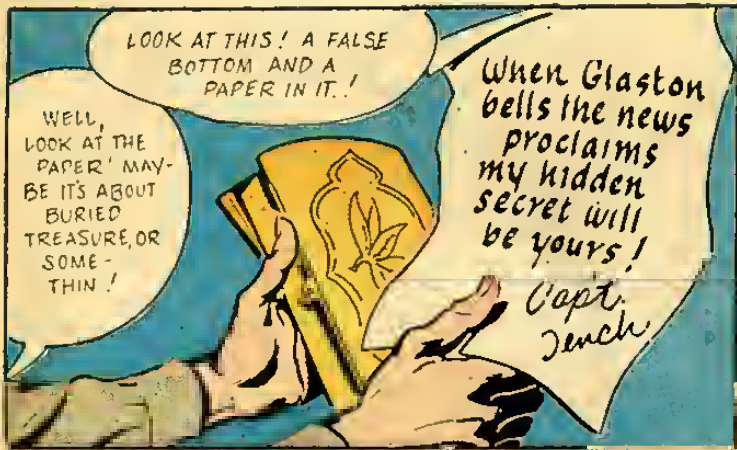
HUP!



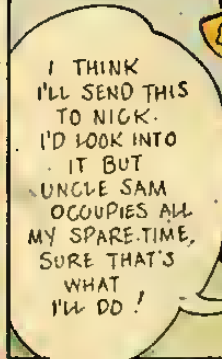
OH FINE! NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! THAT WAS A PRESENT FOR MY PERSONAL PRIVATE PIN UP GIRL!

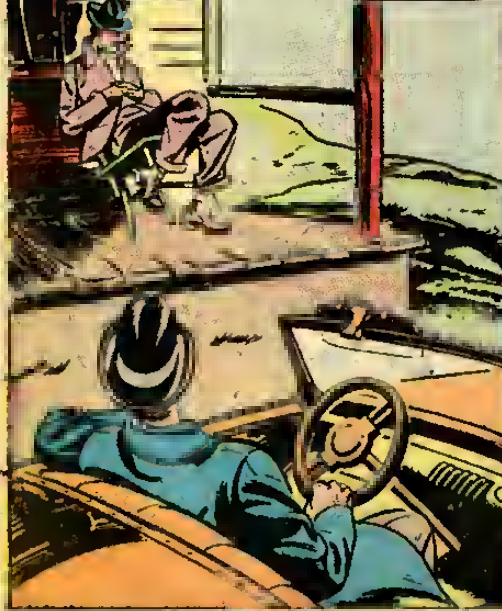
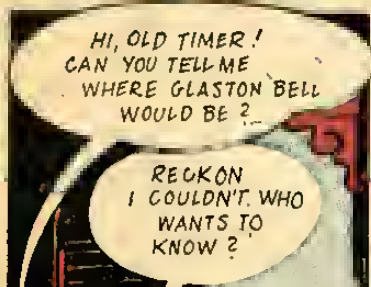
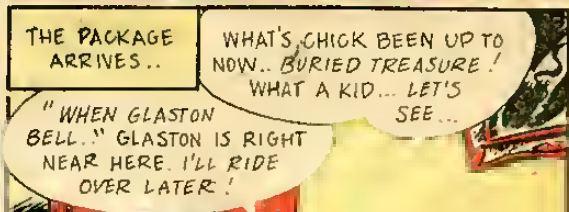
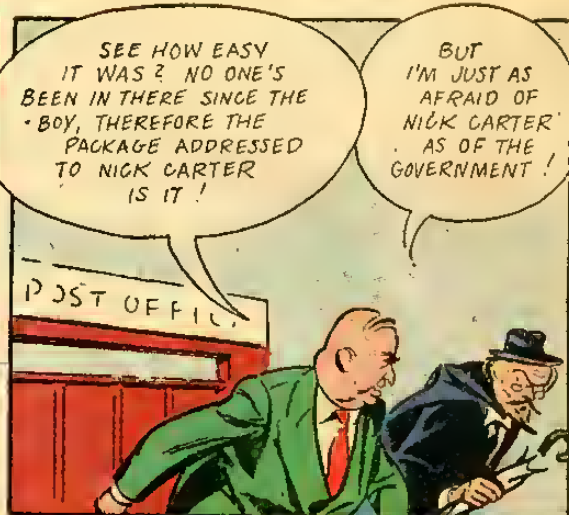
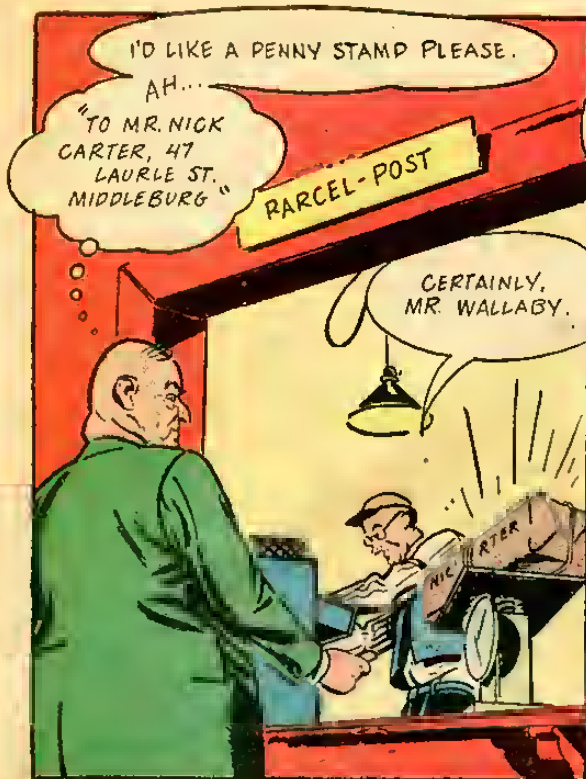
GEE, I'M SORRY CHICK! CAN I HELP FIX IT?

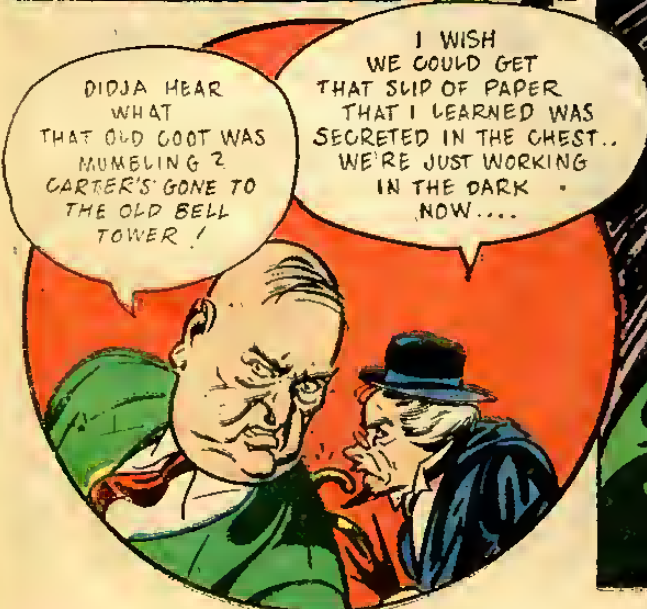
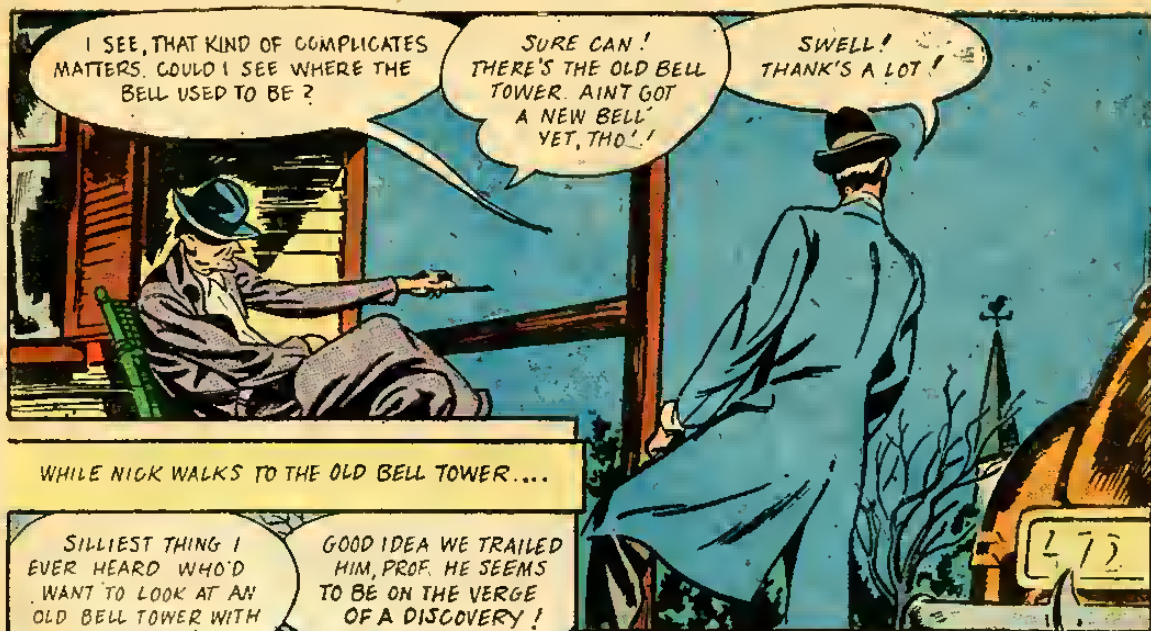
CRACK



IN THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP EVIL PLANS ARE BORN

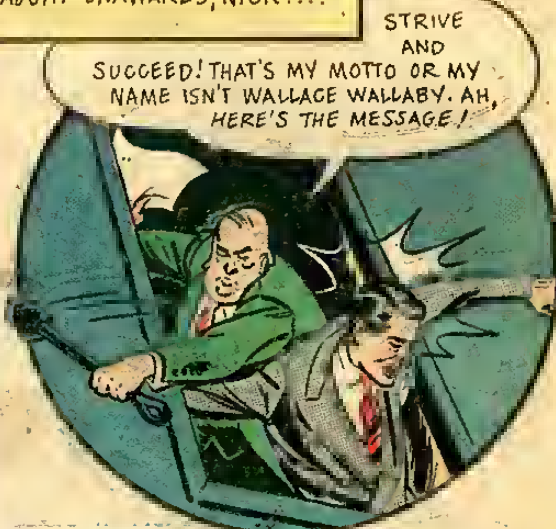






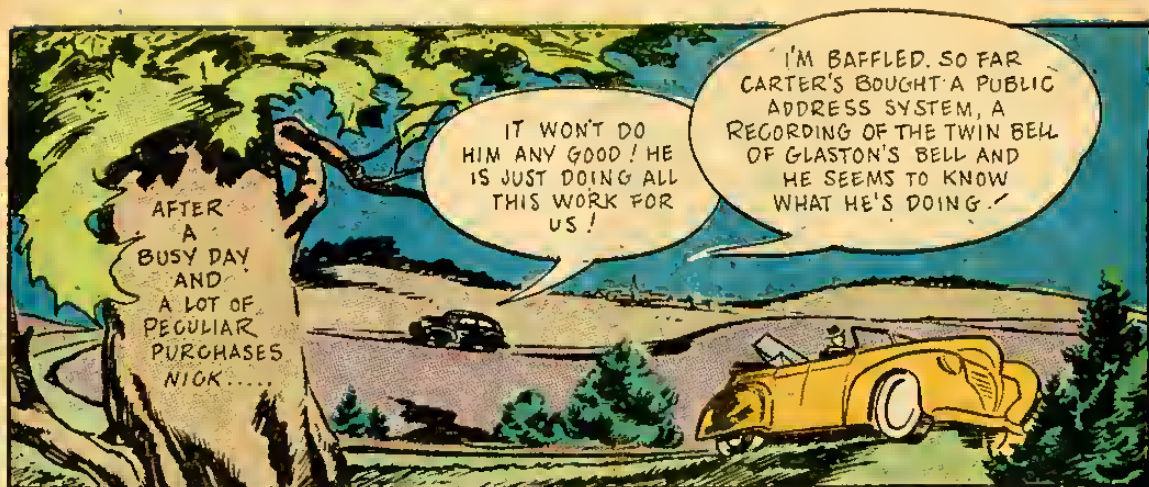


CAUGHT UNAWARES, NICK....



SOME DISTANCE AWAY....





AFTER
A
BUSY DAY
AND
A LOT OF
PECULIAR
PURCHASES
NICK.....

IT WON'T DO
HIM ANY GOOD! HE
IS JUST DOING ALL
THIS WORK FOR
US!

I'M BAFFLED. SO FAR
CARTER'S BOUGHT A PUBLIC
ADDRESS SYSTEM, A
RECORDING OF THE TWIN BELL
OF GLASTON'S BELL AND
HE SEEMS TO KNOW
WHAT HE'S DOING.

SUDDENLY THE QUIET OF THE
NIGHT IS BROKEN BY....



CLANG!
CLANG!

TINKLE!
TINKLE!

THERE
IT IS! VERY FAINT.
BUT I
WAS RIGHT AFTER
ALL!

NICK TAKES
HIS BAFFLING
PURCHASES
UP TO THE
BELL TOWER...



THIS MESS OF WORK
IS JUST TO MAKE UP FOR
THE BELL BEING GONE
NOW.. IF ONLY THAT OTHER
BELL HAS EXACTLY THE SAME
TONE AS THIS ONE HAD. IF
THE RECORDING IS GOOD
I MAY HAVE A
CHANCE!



IT MUST BE
RIGHT HERE!
THAT'S IT...
THOSE
SLABS....

TINKLE,
TINKLE!

CLANG!
CLANG!



SO THIS IS WHAT THE BELLS TOLLED!
THE BIG BELL MAKES THE SMALL BELL
TINKLE BUT ONLY THESE TWO BELLS WERE
ATTUNED TO EACH OTHER! MY RECORD-
ING OF THE OTHER BELL
DID IT!

THAT TRUNK
MUST BE
TENCH'S
TREASURE!

TINKLE!
TINKLE!



I MUST EXTEND MY THANKS
MR. CARTER. WE'D NEVER
HAVE FOUND THE TREASURE
ALONE. YOU'RE A GENIUS
OR MY NAME ISN'T WALLACE
WALLABY!

GREETINGS, DID
YOU REALLY THINK I
WALKED INTO THIS
OFF MY GUARD? EVER
SINCE YOU CLOUTED ME,
I'VE HAD YOU
TAILED!



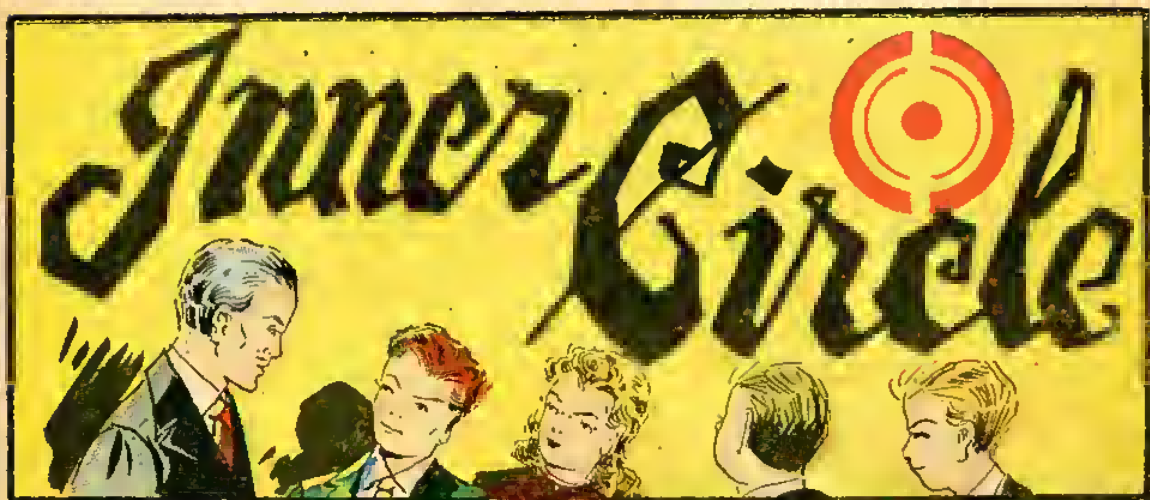
MAYBE YOUR NAME WAS
WALLACE WALLABY, BUT FROM
NOW ON IT'LL BE JUST
A NUMBER! THANKS,
MR. CARTER!

DON'T THANK
ME, SHERIFF! THANK
CHICK!
HE GOT ME
INTO THIS! I'LL
DONATE THIS
TREASURE TO THE
NATIONAL
WAR FUND!
CHICK'LL LIKE
THAT!

CHICK GETS A LETTER FROM NICK.....

LEAVE IT TO NICK! HE
ALWAYS DOES A SWELL JOB!
GEE.... THERE WAS FIFTY THOUSAND
BUCKS WORTH OF TREASURE.....
TREASURE! GOOD GRAYV.. I FORGOT
TO GET SUE ANOTHER PRESENT
TO MAKE UP FOR THE
CHEST!





"THE FUTURE HOLDS . . . DEATH!!"

The papers had been full of the exploits of Nick Carter. The members of the Inner Circle which had been started by Chick Carter but which was being carried on by Nick because of his foster son being in the Air Cadets, were impatient for the appearance of the great man.

Beef and Sue were talking. Sue said, "I wonder what the real story behind the capture of those saboteurs was?"

Beef grunted as he crammed some candy in his mouth. "Dunno, but we should get the real lowdown from Nick . . . here he comes now!"

The members craned their necks as Nick, tall, lean, perfectly dressed, came in. His black Homburg hat was at a devil-may-care angle, a sure sign that Nick felt well.

He flipped a hand to them in greeting and then was inundated by a flood of questions.

"Whoa!" he called in mock astonishment. "What is all this? Do I gather that you want the dirt on the Squinting Saboteur?"

Nick smiled at the chorus of yesses. He shook his head. "Gee, I'm sorry. As members of the Inner Circle you'll be the first to get the inside dope. But till the war is over that's just another story without an ending. Security reasons you know."

There was a unanimous groan.

Nick smiled. "Instead, suppose we go back to the last war. I promised last month after I taught you the memory system, that I'd tell you a story about how my memory saved my life. I didn't say that it also saved about ten thousand other lives.

"You may know that the Arab situation was very delicate in the last war. You've probably read about T. E. Lawrence and his exploits in keeping the Arabs on the Allied side. What you can't know because it was kept a secret then, just as my story now, must be kept a secret, is the way the Germans tried to start a Jihad!"

Beef was puzzled and looked it. Nick smiled at Beef's furrowed brow. "A Jihad," said Nick, "is a holy war. It was the one thing that could have joined the various warring Arab tribes into one army whose aim was the wiping out of the Allies. It really was a ticklish situation. The British Intelligence service was in a swivet about the reports that kept coming in.



"Tribe after tribe was supplied with guns and ammo. Tribe after tribe joined forces, some of them for the first time in their history! Soon we knew there would be no holding them and those savage Arabs had but one battle cry. It was 'Kill or be killed!' and they meant it!"

Sue interrupted. "What set all this off? What made them all join forces?"

Nick said, "That was our problem. We knew that it must have been something pretty strong but we had no idea what. Then one day . . . a man . . . a hero . . . who had gone out disguised as an Arab, came staggering back into our camp, he was mortally wounded. We ran to his side as he finally fell. He gasped, 'Letter, wise man . . .' That was all. That was the end. He died in our arms.



"Our only clue then was that we knew a letter somehow entered the set up. But what letter and what wise man? Intelligence put every man it had to work on the problem. We finally found out who the wise man was!

"As a matter of fact I found him. I had heard disturbing reports about a wise man who was foretelling the end of the reign of the white man in the desert. I went to see him, disguised as an Arab.

"I had a strange sensation as I sat listening to him. He was tall and had a strong hooked nose. On the surface he seemed more Arab than the Arabs but I had a hunch, that if he and I were both dunked in a

shower, well . . . I imagined that his make-up would come off, too!

"He spoke Arabic beautifully. But what he said was not beautiful. It was ugly. He cursed every white man, he called on them for unremitting and merciless slaughter. Oh, he went on at a great rate. Then . . . it came. He said, 'You have seen the prophecy I made so many years ago. The prophecy in which I foretold the bloody desert war of 1902. Just as I was right in foretelling the future then, just so am I right now when I tell you . . . you cannot lose! Go out and kill!' He said more, much more, but I was lost in thought.

"You see," said Nick, and he smiled at the members. "I don't believe in people being able to foretell the future. For the first time I was hopeful that there was a way out of this mess that the fortune teller had started. That night I crept more quietly than any Indian brave ever did, across the sand to the tent of the man whose gloomy fortune telling had made the Arabs a menace to the success of the Allied war effort. I silently cut a slit in his tent and peeked in.

"He was asleep. I enlarged the hole and crawled across the floor of his tent. I found the letter. Not as quickly as it takes in the telling, but I found it. It was typed in Arabic. It *did* foretell a war to come in 1902. The letter was dated 1901. I put it back and as I did so, he awoke. Without a sound he leaped. He landed on my back like a tigress defending her young."

Nick looked thoughtful for a moment. "I guess that was one of my closest calls. He caught me unawares. I managed to throw him off my back. I pulled my gun, but he sneered at me. He said in German 'Go ahead and shoot you idiot! You'll attract every Arab in camp! They'll tear you limb from limb!'

"He was right. I didn't dare risk a shot. Instead, and this surprised him, I started to drop my gun. His eyes followed it and as they did, I clouted him. It was a peach, right on the button. He fell as tho' he'd been poleaxed!

"I tied him up with his own burnoose and left him."

Beef popped to his feet with a question.

"Wait a minute! You went to all that trouble to find the letter and then when you did, you left it there?"

Nick nodded. "That's right and for a very good reason. I figured it would do much more harm there, than if I stole it! I was right, too!"

"That letter ended the menace in the desert!"

This time it was Sue who questioned Nick. "I'm afraid I'm obtuse too," she said. "Why did you leave it there? And how could it do the enemy any harm when you didn't take it?"

Nick smiled at their puzzlement. "Wait a minute, we're getting ahead of the story. I left the German 'Arab' tied and made my way back to my headquarters. Once there I asked them to get hold of some Arab chiefs who had not gone over to the enemy. I questioned them and found out that what the German spy was doing. He was having the various chiefs come in and see the letter. Once they saw the prophecy which had come true in the past, most of them joined in with the Jihad.

"The German had bribed some Arabs to swear that they had seen the letter before the small war which it predicted, broke out. The evidence of the letter and the Arabs was enough for most of the chiefs.

"I said when I started to tell you about this that it was my memory which cracked the case. It was. You see when I was in the fake Arab's tent looking at that letter I remembered one tiny thing that blew it all up.

"That was the reason I left the letter right where it was. I wanted it there, to act as evidence against the man who had faked it. You see the letter itself was enough to hoist the German spy with his own petard!"

"You see," said Nick, "although typewriters were pretty common even among the Arabs by 1917, when all this happened, I knew when they were first made! The letter was supposed to have been written in 1901. It predicted a war in 1902. Well, that was all very fine, but no typewriter was made for the Arabic language till late in 1903!"

"All I had to do was let the Arab chiefs know about this and they all realized that they had been tricked! They were consid-

erably annoyed at the trick that the German had played on them. We never had to worry about him again. With him dead, all the dissension died down, the Arabs came over to our side and the threatened menace in the desert never came to a head!"

All the members of the Inner Circle smiled at the end of Nick's story, but Beef. His brow was worried. Nick looked at him and asked, "What is it that puzzles you, Beef? Didn't I make everything about my Arabian jaunt clear?"



Beef said, "Oh sure. But you used an expression I've heard a hundred times and I don't know what it means. What does 'hoist with his own petard' mean?"

Nick was putting his hat on as he answered. "It's an expression that's come down to us from the middle ages. A petard was a land mine. It was used to blow open the portcullis on a fortress. But they didn't know too much about gunpowder in those days, so your own petard was likely to go off and hoist you up to the sky! Get it?"

Beef nodded. Then he chuckled. "Sure. I see. Hirohito is gonna get hoisted by his petard any day now! Right?"

Nick smiled goodbye and said, "Right, my boy!"

The End.

**LET'S
FINISH THE JOB!**



**URGENT —
WIRE
COLLECT:**

EXPERIENCED SEAMEN NEEDED!

MERCHANT MARINE • WASHINGTON, D. C.

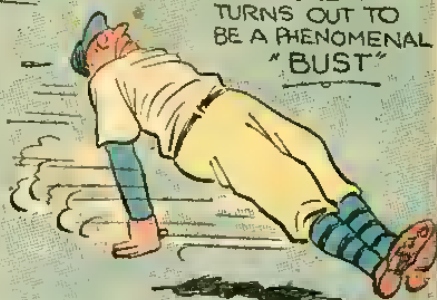
or inquire your Maritime Union or U. S. Employment Service

WHAT PRICE ROOKIES-

SOME WHO WERE BOUGHT FOR FABULOUS SUMS FLOPPED— SOME WHO COST A DIME A DOZEN PROVED TO BE SENSATIONS



FREQUENTLY ACCLAIMED THE "PHENOM" FIND OF THE SEASON—



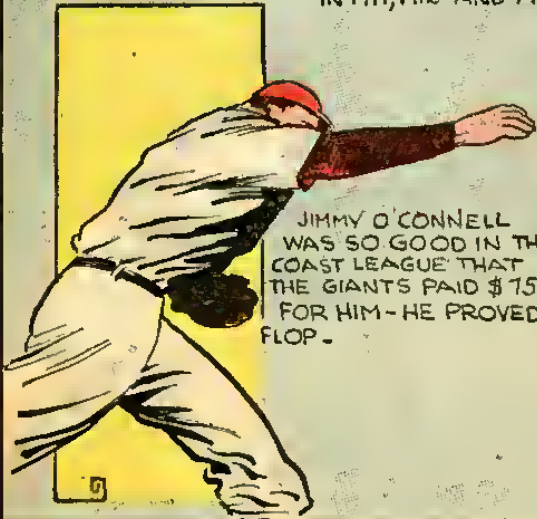
HE MORE OFTEN TURNS OUT TO BE A PHENOMENAL "BUST"



RUBE MARQUARD WAS 19 IN 1908 WHEN THE GIANTS PAID \$11,000 TO INDIANAPOLIS FOR THE SOUTHPAW—KNOWN AS THE "\$11,000 BEAUTY" HE BECAME BETTER KNOWN AS THE "\$11,000 LEMON"—IN 1911 HOWEVER, HE SHOWED THE FANS THAT HE WAS "HOT," AIDED THE GIANTS TO PENNANTS IN 1911, 1912 AND 1913 —



IN 1914 JACK DUNN, PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES, SOLD BABE RUTH, ERNIE SHORE AND AN INFILDER (EGAN) TO THE BOSTON RED SOX FOR \$22,500—RUTH BECAME A SENSATION, SHORE A FAMOUS PITCHER—EGAN WENT BACK TO THE MINORS—



JIMMY O'CONNELL WAS SO GOOD IN THE COAST LEAGUE THAT THE GIANTS PAID \$75,000 FOR HIM—HE PROVED A FLOP—

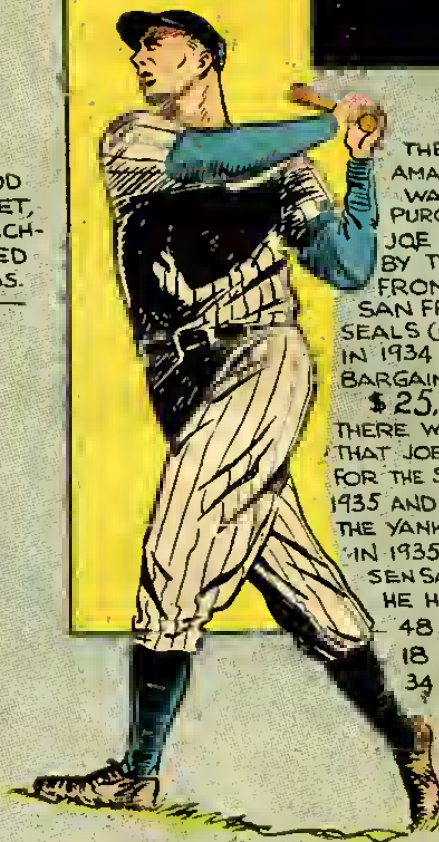


THE YANKS PAID THE SAN FRANCISCO SEALS \$75,000 FOR FRANKIE CROSETTI, THE BRILLIANT SHORTSTOP—AFTER SEVERAL YEARS OF HARD WORK FRANKIE PAID TREMENDOUS DIVIDENDS AND ROSE TO GLOWING STARDOM—



ED
STOOD
SIX FEET,
ONE INCH—
WEIGHED
196 LBS.

BIG ED WALSH,
THE KING OF
SPITBALL PITCHERS,
WAS DRAFTED FROM
NEWARK BY THE
WHITE SOX FOR
\$750⁰⁰—IN 1908 ED PITCHED IN
66 GAMES (A RECORD)—HE WON 40
OF THEM—HE TWIRLED 464 INNINGS
(52 COMPLETE GAMES)—HIS STRIKEOUT
RECORD IS ASTONISHING: 171 IN 1906,
207 IN 1907, 269 IN 1908, 258 IN 1910,
255 IN 1911, 254 IN 1912—HE, TOO,
PAID ENORMOUS DIVIDENDS TO HIS
EMPLOYERS—



THE MOST
AMAZING BUY
WAS THE
PURCHASE OF
JOE DI MAGGIO
BY THE YANKS
FROM THE
SAN FRANCISCO
SEALS (COAST LEAGUE)
IN 1934 FOR THE
BARGAIN PRICE OF
\$25,000—

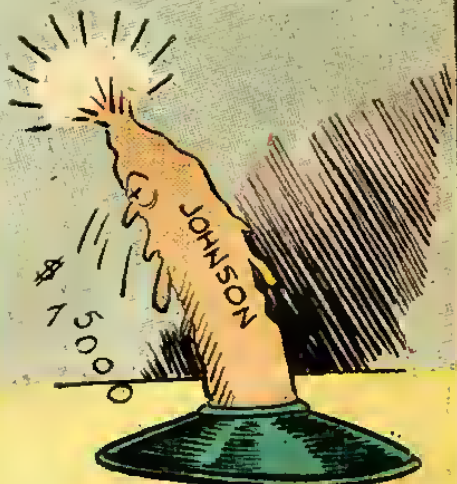
THERE WAS A PROVISIO
THAT JOE WOULD PLAY
FOR THE SEALS THROUGH
1935 AND REPORT TO
THE YANKS IN 1936—

IN 1935 HE WAS
SENSATIONAL—
HE HIT .398—

48 DOUBLES,
18 TRIPLES AND
34 HOMERS—
HIS YANKEE
CAREER IS
A MATTER
OF
HISTORY—
JOE IS NOW
IN THE ARMY.



ONE SHINING
EXAMPLE OF THE BOY
WHO PAID OUT IN A BIG
WAY IS BUCK NEWSON—IN 1929
BUCK WAS A MINOR LEAGUER—AFTER
HITTING THE MAJORS HE WENT BACK TO
THE SUBWAY CIRCUIT—FOLLOWING HIS THIRD
BIG LEAGUE TEST CLARK GRIFFITH (WASHINGTON) PAID
THE ST. LOUIS BROWNS \$40,000 FOR HIM IN
1935—HE FAILED TO MAKE GOOD THEN—BUT—
ULTIMATELY HE BECAME AN OUTSTANDING STAR—



THE DETROIT TIGERS PAID
\$15,000 FOR ROY JOHNSON, A
STAR OUTFIELDER—JOHNSON
SOON FIZZLED AND FADED OUT
OF THE BIG LEAGUE—
RACING AND POKER ARE EASIER
THAN PICKING BASEBALL STARS—

FLATTY FOOTE

in B·E·W·A·R·E

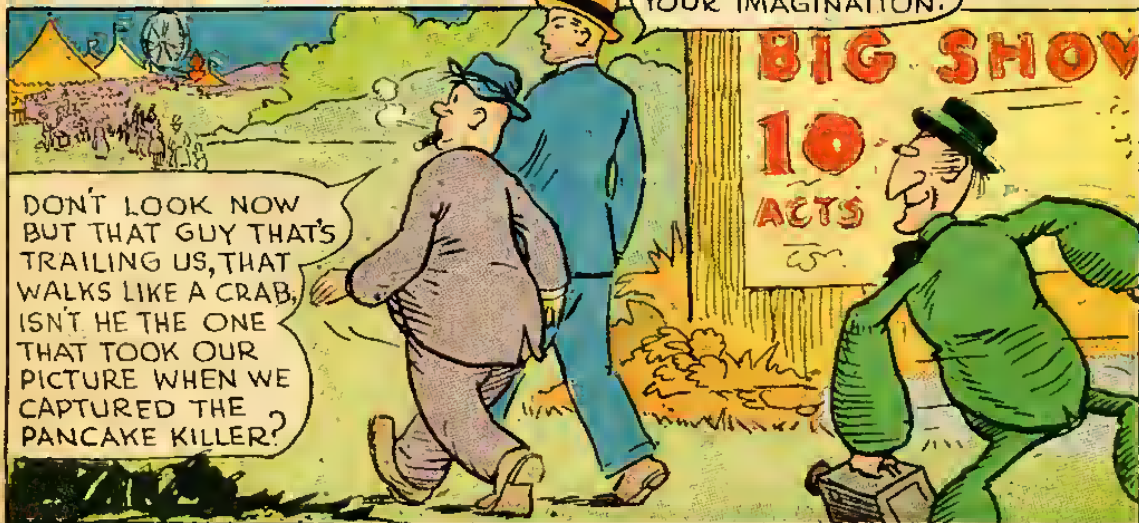
B·E·W·A·R·E of

SCORPIO!!



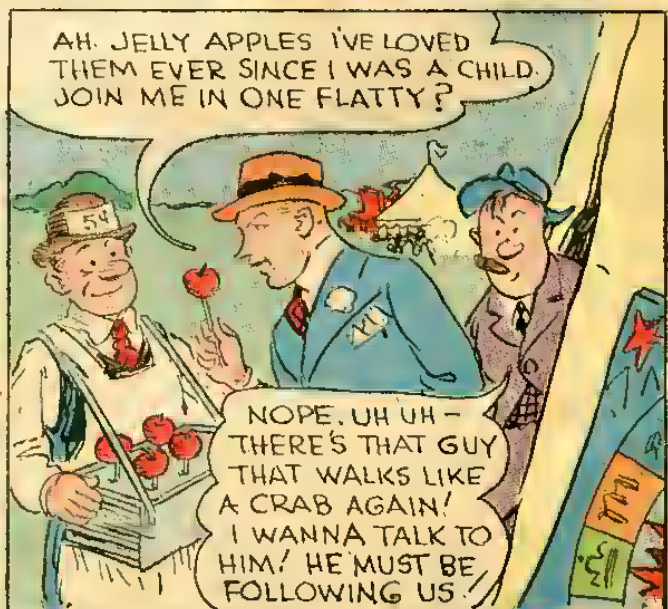
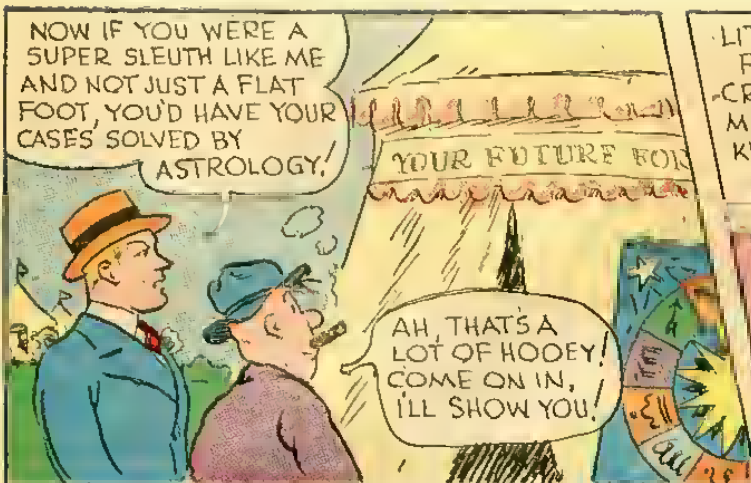
THERE'S ONLY ONE
DRAWBACK TO
FORTUNE TELLERS.
THEY'RE NEVER NEVER
QUITE DEFINITE
ENOUGH! TAKE THE
TIME PETER PRANCE,
DAPPER DEBONAIR,
SUPER SLEUTH AND
FLATTY FOOTE HAD
THEIR HOROSCOPES
READ

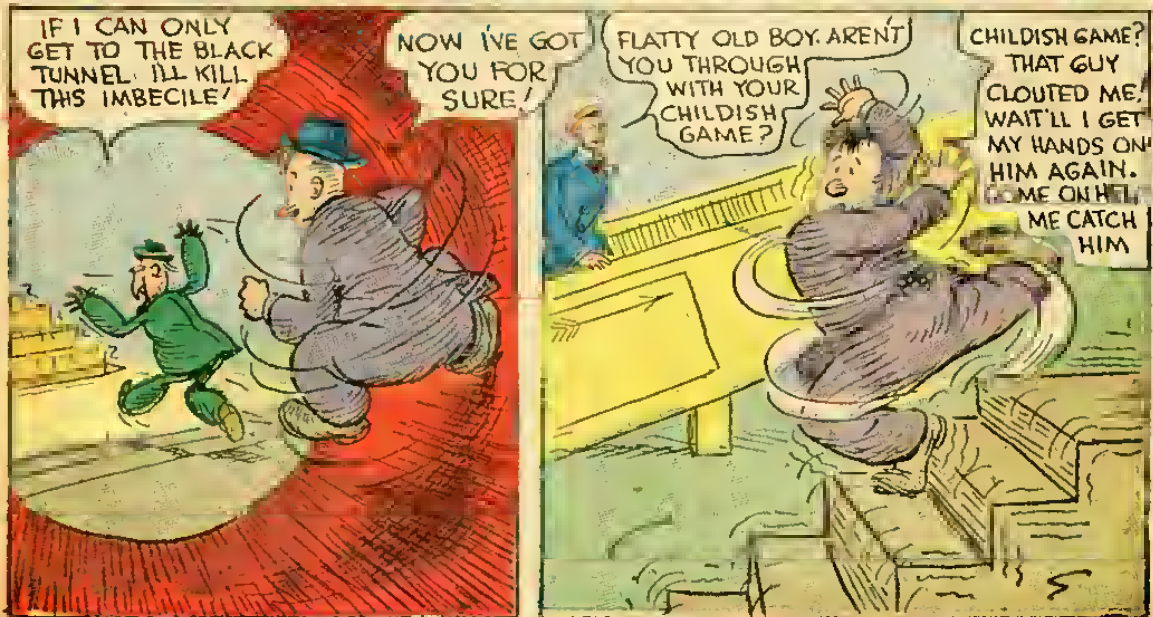
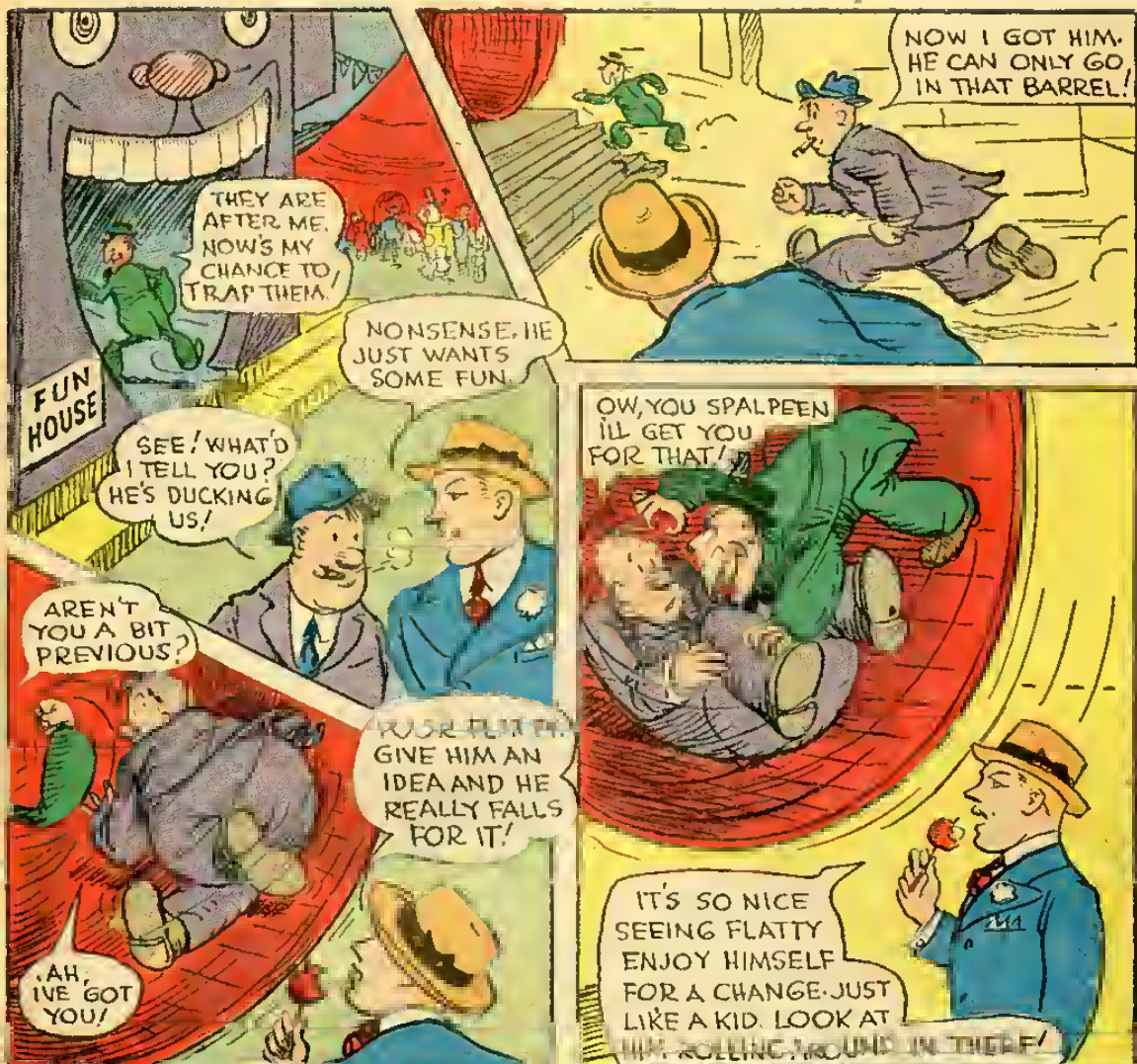
REALLY,
FLATTY OLD BOY!
YOUR IMAGINATION!

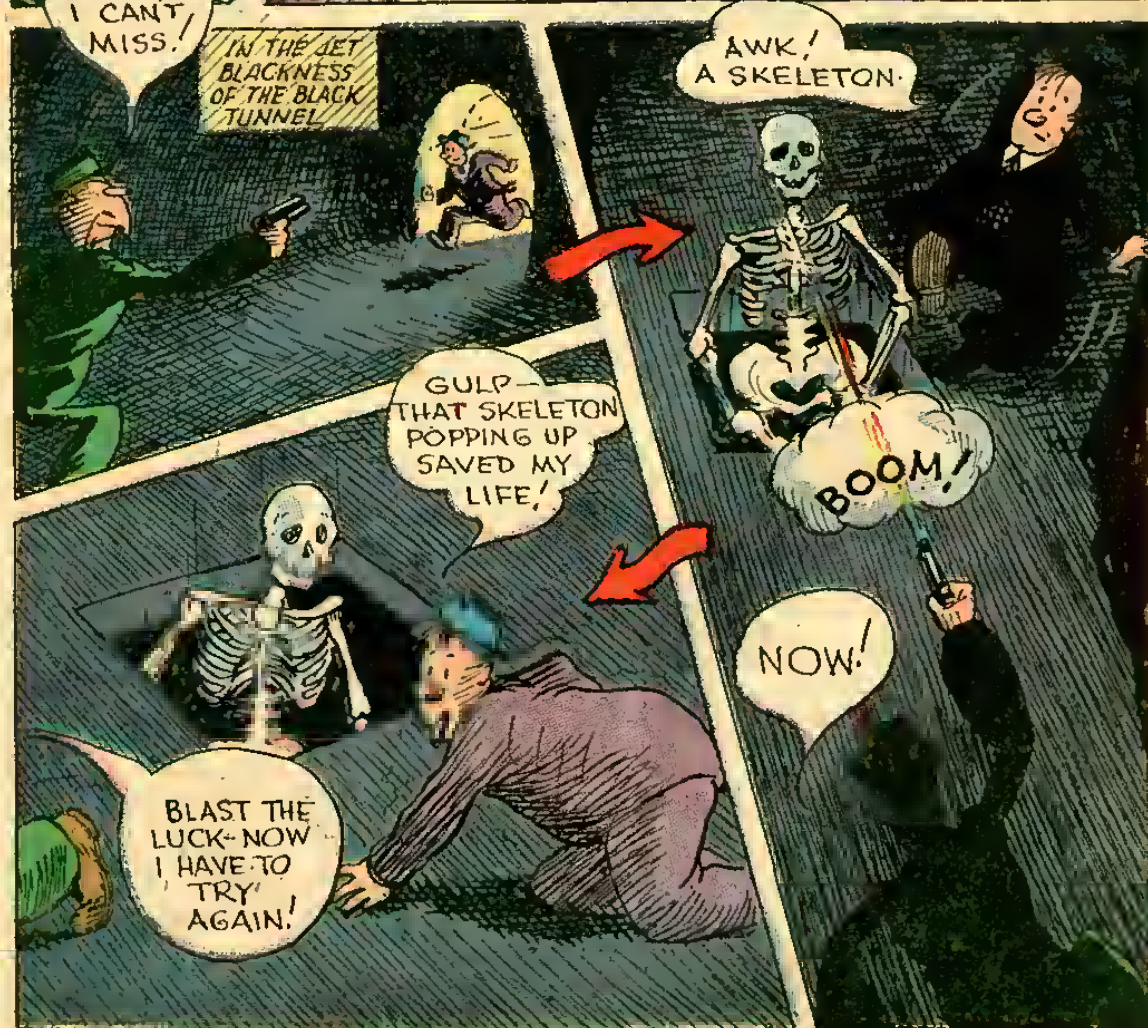


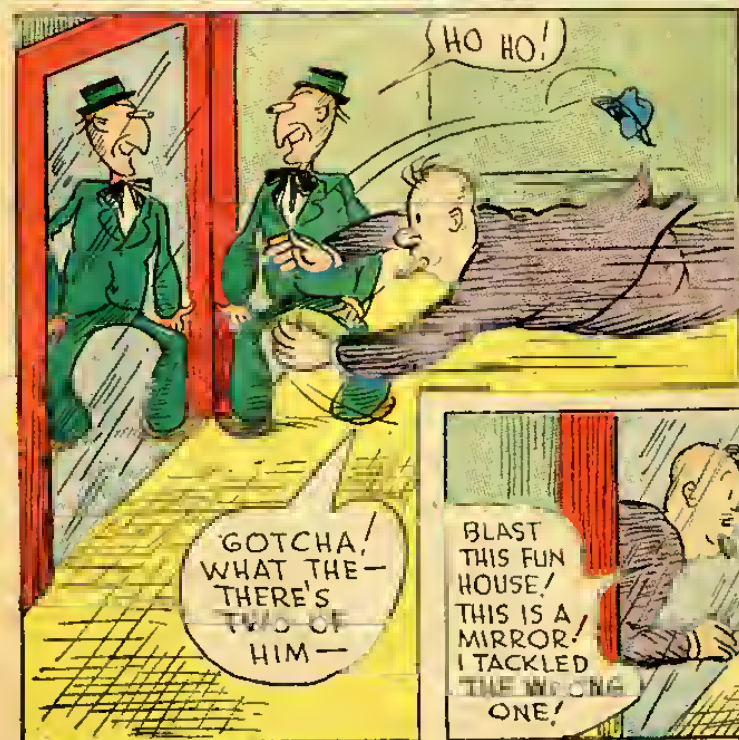
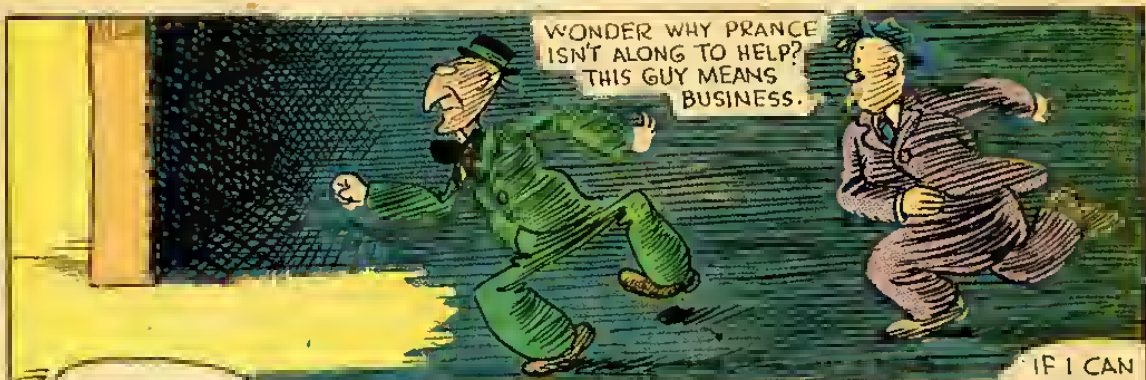
DON'T LOOK NOW
BUT THAT GUY THAT'S
TRAILING US, THAT
WALKS LIKE A CRAB,
ISN'T HE THE ONE
THAT TOOK OUR
PICTURE WHEN WE
CAPTURED THE
PANCAKE KILLER?

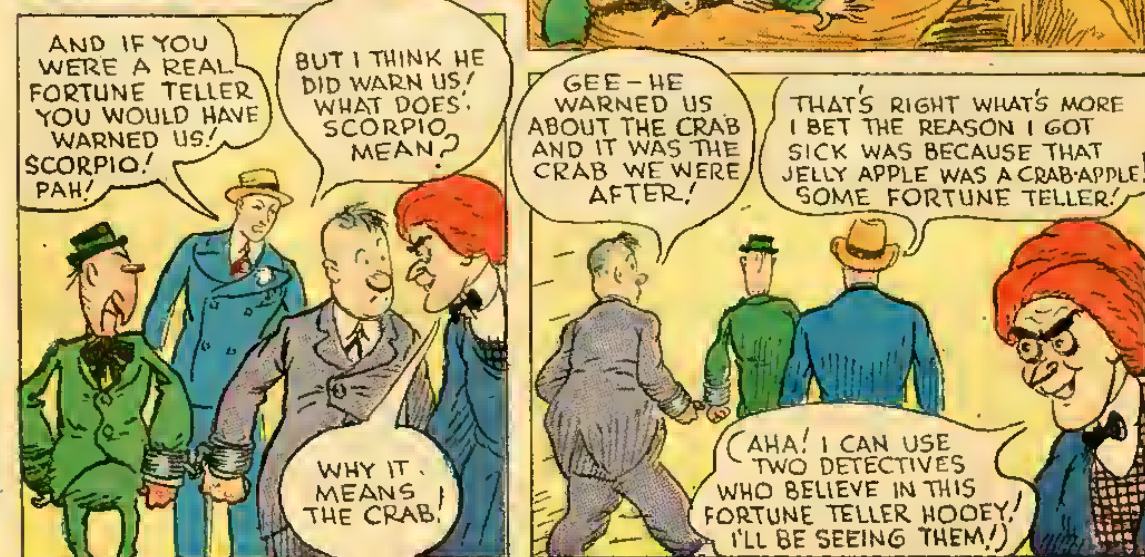
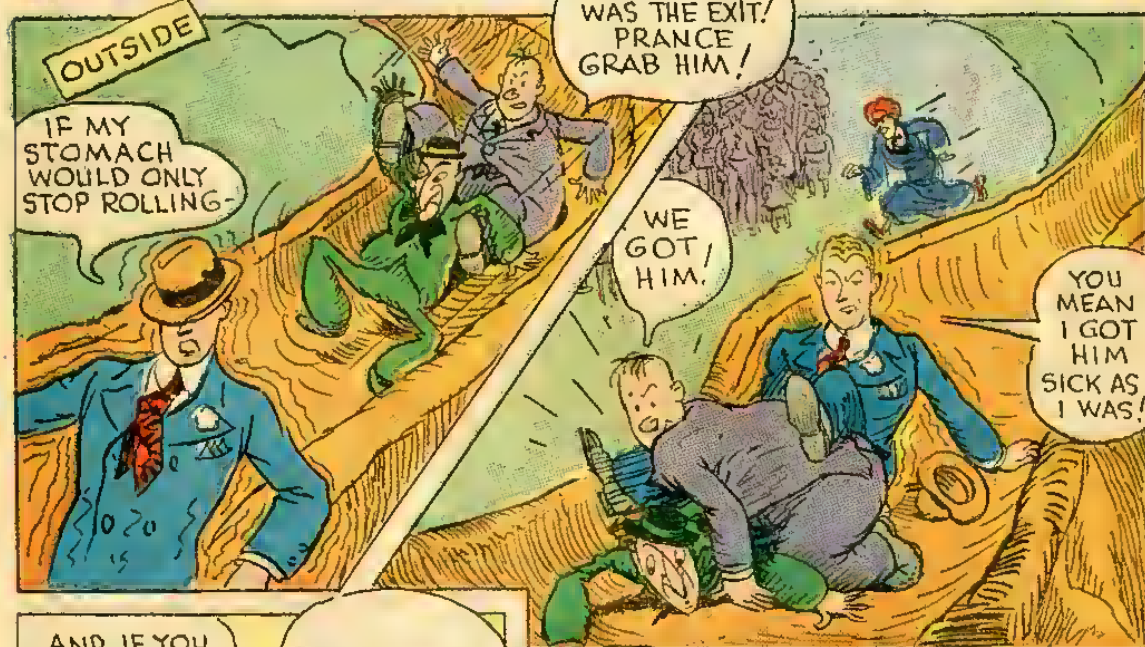
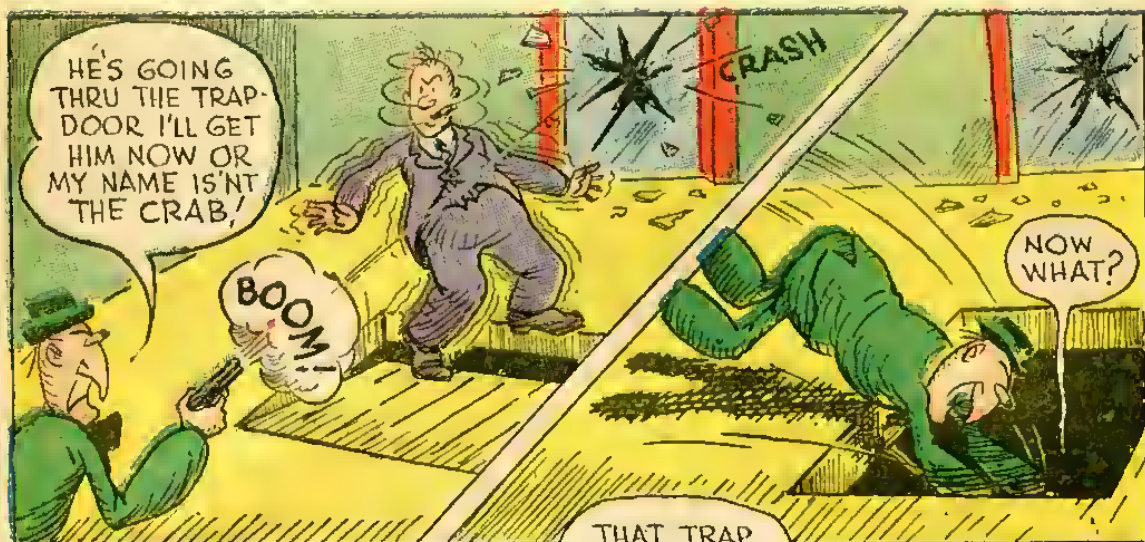
BIG SHOW
10
ACTS











MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS

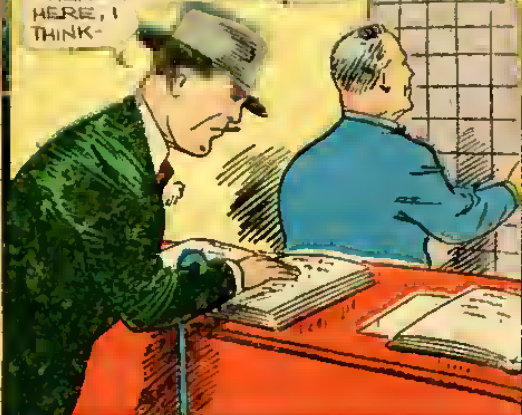


DALGREN OF THE TIMES-NEWS

ANOTHER "BING" DALGREN STORY IN WHICH THE FAMOUS REPORTER UNCOVERS A CRIME FOR HIS NEWSPAPER.

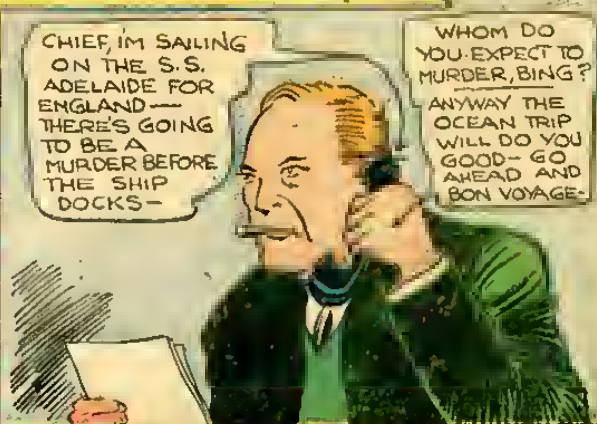
STORY AND PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER

AH, MR. "ROD" DERKS IS SAILING, TOO— WELL, THIS IS MOST FASCINATING— THERE'S A TERRIFIC STORY HERE, I THINK—



CHIEF, I'M SAILING ON THE S.S. ADELAIDE FOR ENGLAND— THERE'S GOING TO BE A MURDER BEFORE THE SHIP DOCKS—

WHOM DO YOU EXPECT TO MURDER, BING? ANYWAY THE OCEAN TRIP WILL DO YOU GOOD— GO AHEAD AND BON VOYAGE—



BING DALGREN, AS WAS HIS OCCASIONAL PRACTICE, WENT TO A STEAMSHIP OFFICE TO CHECK ON THE SAILING LIST— THE DAY WAS MAY 14, 1933— AMONG THOSE LISTED TO SAIL WAS ALLEN T. JEFFRIES, A DISTINGUISHED INDUSTRIAL MAGNATE— ANOTHER NAME HE NOTED WAS THAT OF ONE DANIEL L. DERKS— AND WHAT A NAME THAT WAS—

DALGREN IMMEDIATELY SECURED PASSAGE ON THE SAME SHIP— HE INFORMED HIS MANAGING EDITOR, JOHN FEELEY, OF HIS INTENTION WITH THE ABOVE STATEMENT— DALGREN ALWAYS KEPT HIS PASSPORT UP TO DATE AND WAS ON BOARD WHEN THE S.S. ADELAIDE SAILED FROM NEW YORK—

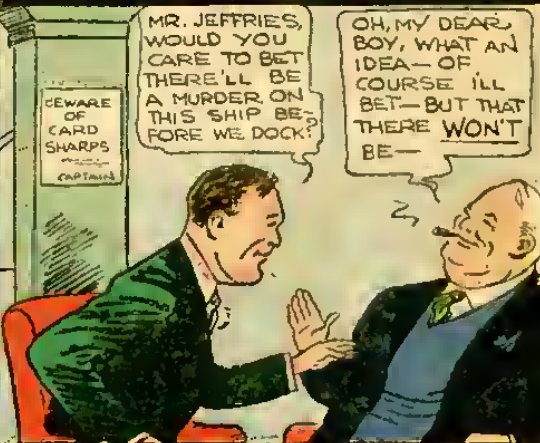
YOUR STATEROOM IS 201, SIR, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S RIGHT, STEWARD—



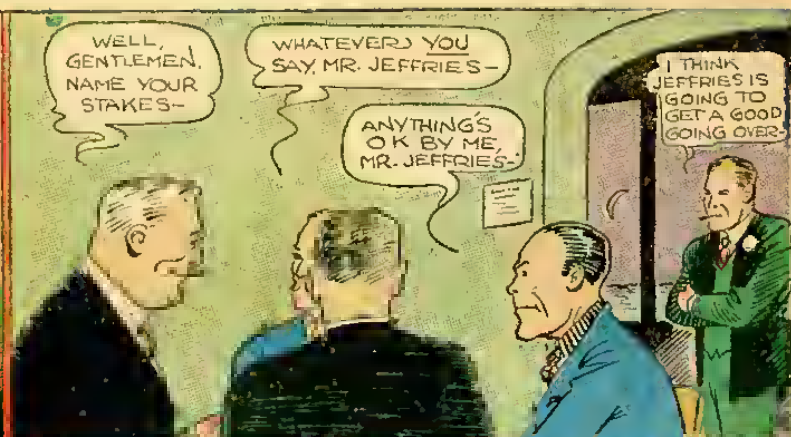
MR. JEFFRIES, WOULD YOU CARE TO BET THERE'LL BE A MURDER ON THIS SHIP BEFORE WE DOCK?

OH, MY DEAR BOY, WHAT AN IDEA— OF COURSE I'LL BET— BUT THAT THERE WON'T BE—



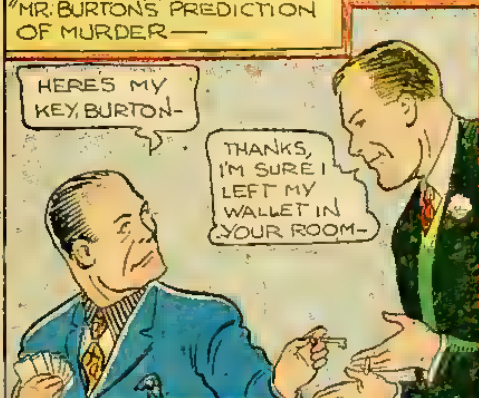
DANIEL DERKS WAS KNOWN TO THE PUBLIC AS "ROD" DERKS— MR. DERKS HAD LATELY BEEN SUSPECTED OF A KILLING, BUT NO ACTION HAD BEEN TAKEN— MR. DERKS ALWAYS HAD A PURPOSE FOR EVERYTHING HE DID— ALWAYS A SINISTER ONE— DALGREN KNEW THE MAN'S ENTIRE CAREER—

THE USUAL EXCITEMENT OF SAILING TOOK PLACE— THE USUAL GOODBYES, ETC.— ON THE WAY OUT OF THE HARBOR DALGREN LEARNED THE NUMBER AND LOCATION OF "ROD" DERKS' STATEROOM— MR. JEFFRIES, THE BUSINESS MAGNATE, HAD A SUITE ON THE PROMENADE DECK— HE WAS A WEALTHY MAN WITH A TENDENCY TO GAMBLE FOR HIGH STAKES— HE'D GAMBLE ON ANYTHING, EVEN THE WEATHER— DALGREN DECIDED TO INTERVIEW MR. JEFFRIES—

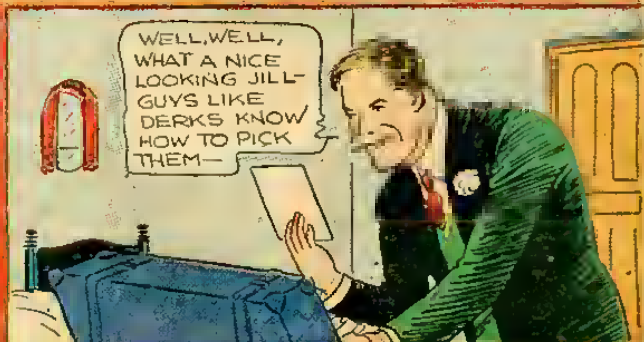


YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT NO ONE ABOARD THE BIG LINER KNEW DALGREN'S IDENTITY—HE HAD SAILED UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME AND WAS KNOWN AS MR. BURTON—MR. JEFFRIES SEEMED MUCH AMUSED AT "MR. BURTON'S" PREDICTION OF MURDER—

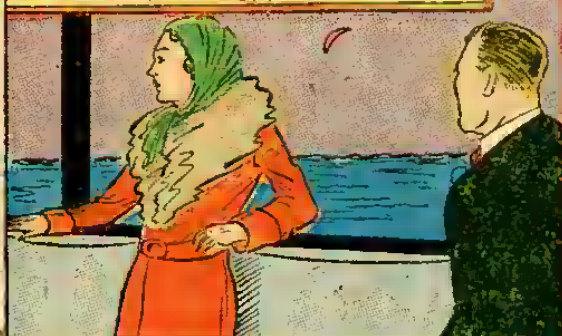
THE FIRST NIGHT AT SEA MR. JEFFRIES, ROD DERKS AND TWO OTHER MEN PLAYED CARDS IN THE SMOKE ROOM—ONE OF THE TWO LATTER PLAYERS WAS FAMILIAR TO DALGREN BY SIGHT—HE WAS A CARD SHARP—IT WAS ONE OF THOSE GAMES IN WHICH THE "SUCKER" WAS NEVER GIVEN AN EVEN BREAK—THE FAMILIAR FACE WAS THAT OF ONE HORACE DESREAU WHO MADE A SMALL FORTUNE EACH TRIP DESPITE THE NOTICES POSTED THROUGHOUT THE SHIP WARNING PASSENGERS AGAINST PLAYING WITH UNKNOWN COMPANIONS—



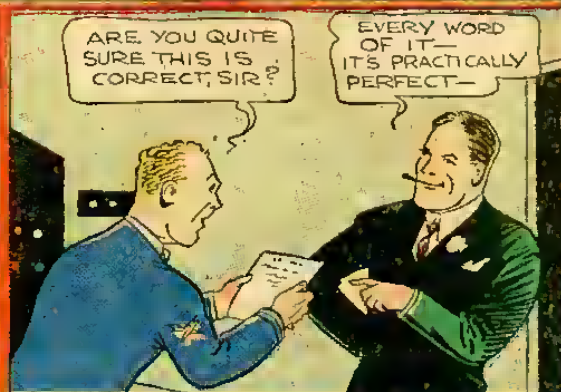
HAVING BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH DERKS' IT WAS EASY TO PRETEND TO DERKS THAT HE (DALGREN OR "BURTON") HAD LEFT HIS PURSE IN DERKS' STATEROOM—DERKS, UNSUSPECTING, GAVE HIM THE KEY TO THE ROOM—



IN DERKS' ROOM DALGREN EXAMINED DERKS' LUGGAGE CAREFULLY—HE FOUND NOTHING OF IMPORTANCE—THE MOST INTERESTING OBJECT WAS THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A PRETTY WOMAN—



GOING UP TO THE MAIN DECK DALGREN WAS STARTLED TO SEE A WOMAN WHO LOOKED EXACTLY LIKE THE LADY IN THE PHOTOGRAPH—WAS IT A MERE COINCIDENCE THAT SHE RESEMBLED THE PHOTO OR WAS SHE THE ORIGINAL?—IT WAS VERY STRANGE, INDEED—



THAT NIGHT DALGREN WENT TO THE WIRELESS ROOM AND SENT A MESSAGE TO HIS EDITOR IN NEW YORK—IT READ, "MY HEART AT THY SWEET VOICE"—SIGNED "BURTON"—THE OPERATOR THOUGHT BOTH THE MESSAGE AND THE SENDER WERE CRAZY—HOWEVER, HE SENT IT—

DECODED AT THE TIMES-NEWS
OFFICE THE MESSAGE READ:
"MY HUNCHES ARE TAKING
SHAPE—VERIFIED."

I ASSURE YOU, MR.
BURTON, I AM TRAVELLING
ALL ALONE— I JUST MET
MR. JEFFRIES
ON THE SHIP—

ARE...
YOU SURE
THAT'S THE
ANSWER?

I'LL JUST RUN
OVER THIS DERK GUY'S
HISTORY— I'M GLAD
I THOUGHT OF BRINGING
THESE OFFICE CLIPPINGS—
THEY'LL REFRESH MY
MEMORY—

THE 3RD DAY OUT DALGREN
BY A RUSE BECAME AC-
QUAINTED WITH THE LADY
WHOSE PHOTOGRAPH WAS
AMONG DERKS' LUGGAGE—
HOW DID SHE FIT INTO
THIS PICTURE?— SHE WAS
ALONE— SHE WAS OFTEN
IN THE COMPANY OF MR.
JEFFRIES—DALGREN HAD
NEVER SEEN HER AND
DERKS TOGETHER—THAT
WAS A MYSTERY TO THE
GREAT REPORTER—

STOP
SNIVELLING,
YOU DOPE—
YOU PAY
US OR
WE'LL
SQUEAL—

PLEASE!
YOU'LL WRECK
MY GOOD
REPUTATION—
PLEASE!

HE HAD BEEN BOSS OF A NATIONAL
"NUMBERS RACKET" AND A RUTHLESS
BLACKMAILER—



HE HAD BEEN SHOT AT BY OPPOSING GANGS—
MANY CRIMES HAD BEEN CHARGED TO HIM
AND HIS MOB BUT THIS FAR HE HAD ESCAPED
CONVICTION THROUGH GOOD LUCK OR GOOD LAWYERS—

ALONE IN HIS STATEROOM, DALGREN BEGAN
TO RECOUNT THE CRIMINAL CAREER OF
"ROD" DERKS— IT HAD BEEN A FRIGHTFUL
ONE—PART OF IT FOLLOWS—

INTO THIS
LANE, PUG, QUICK—
THE COPS ARE
RIGHT BEHIND
US—

GIVE 'EM
ANOTHER
BURST, CHIEF!



DERKS HAD ONCE BEEN HEAD OF A NOTORIOUS
RUM-RUNNING GANG—



SIX WEEKS AGO A MAN HAD BEEN MURDERED
AT DERKS' SUMMER CABIN IN COLD BLOOD—
ONLY ONE OTHER PERSON HAD WITNESSED THE
KILLING BUT HE OR SHE HAD DISAPPEARED—AS THERE
WAS NO EVIDENCE AGAINST DERKS (THO' PLENTY
OF SUSPICION) HE WAS NOT EVEN INDICTED FOR
THE CRIME—DALGREN BEGAN TO LINK THIS
CRIME WITH DERKS' PRESENCE ON THE SHIP—

DALGREN WAS SURE THAT DEATH WOULD STRIKE—BUT WHOM?

MR. JEFFRIES ALWAYS PAID HIS GAMBLING LOSSES WITH CASH—HE CARRIED PLENTY OF IT—NO REASON FOR DERKS TO KILL THE GOOSE WITH THE GOLDEN EGG—

DESREAU, THE CARD SHARP, WAS A GENTEEL CROOK WITH A SHADY PAST—BUT WHAT WOULD DERKS HAVE AGAINST HIM?

MISS REYNOLDS (THE YOUNG WOMAN) MIGHT BE INVOLVED—COULD SHE BE THE INTENDED VICTIM?—BING PONDERED LONG ON THESE THOUGHTS—

THAT FELLOW DESREAU HAS TAKEN ME FOR \$18,500, BURTON—BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THAT MURDER YOU PROMISED ME WHEN WE SAILED?

COMING UP—

COME TO MY STATEROOM AT ONCE, MR. BURTON—

DELIGHTED TO, DESREAU—

ON THE 4TH NIGHT AT SEA DESREAU UNEXPECTEDLY INVITED DALGREN TO HIS STATEROOM—DESREAU WAS PLAINLY DESPERATELY WORRIED—

MR. JEFFRIES HAD LOST \$18,500 CASH TO DESREAU—WAS DERKS GOING TO ATTEMPT TO GET IT FROM THE CARD SHARP?

LISTEN, I KNEW WHO YOU WERE ALL THE TIME—YOU'RE DALGREN OF THE TIMES-NEWS—DON'T LIE—I HAVE IMPORTANT PAPERS IN THE SAFE IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE—IF ANYTHING HAPPENS I WANT YOU TO HAVE THOSE PAPERS—NOT THE MONEY—YOU UNDERSTAND?—IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, DALGREN—PROMISE ME—

SURE—I PROMISE, DESREAU—

MISS REYNOLDS, WHAT IS THE TROUBLE? MAY I HELP?

OH, IT'S NOTHING—JUST THE HEAT IN THE LOUNGE, I SUPPOSE—I'LL BE ALLRIGHT SOON—

THE CARD SHARP EVIDENTLY HAD HAD SOME DRINKS WHICH LOOSENED HIS TONGUE.—DALGREN LISTENED TO HIM, STRANGELY ASTONISHED—A CURIOUS THING TO BE TELLING HIM—

LEAVING DESREAU'S ROOM BING ENCOUNTERED MISS REYNOLDS UP ON THE DECK—SHE WAS FEARFULLY DISTRAUGHT—DALGREN TRIED TO LEARN THE REASON—SHE REFUSED TO TELL HIM—BING NOW HAD A REAL SENSE OF SOMETHING TREMENDOUS ABOUT TO HAPPEN—HIS HUNCHES SELDOM FAILED—

MY DEAR, YOU MUST BRACE UP—WHAT IS IT?

LATER DALGREN, NOW WHIPPED UP TO ACTION LIKE A HOUND ON THE SCENT, OBSERVED MISS REYNOLDS FOLLOWING DERKS WHO WAS WALKING ON DECK IN THE SHADOW—

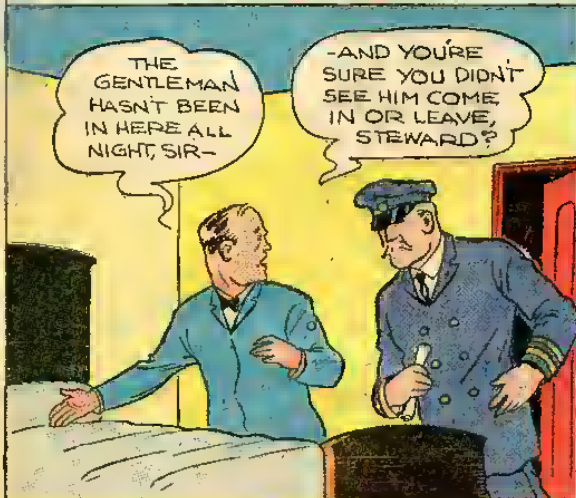
STILL LATER HE NOTICED MR JEFFRIES LEADING MISS REYNOLDS TO HER STATEROOM IN A FAINTING CONDITION—DALGREN FELT THE HOT BREATH OF IMPENDING TRAGEDY—



THE 5TH NIGHT OUT WAS STORMY—DALGREN HIMSELF, WAS NERVOUS—HE HAD SEEN MR. JEFFRIES, MR. DESREAU AND DERKS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE SHIP—DERKS WAS ESPECIALLY HIGH-STRUNG, THOUGH HE TRIED TO CONCEAL IT—



THE SHIP WAS NOW ROLLING TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO SIT AT THE CARD TABLES—OFFICERS ADVISED PASSENGERS TO RETIRE TO THEIR STATEROOMS—



THE GENTLEMAN HASN'T BEEN IN HERE ALL NIGHT, SIR—

—AND YOU'RE SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE HIM COME IN OR LEAVE, STEWARD?

NEXT MORNING A STEWARD NOTED THAT MR. DESREAU HAD NOT OCCUPIED HIS STATEROOM—THE BED HAD BEEN UNDISTURBED—HE RUSHE TO INFORM AN OFFICER—



WE'VE SEARCHED THE WHOLE SHIP, CAPTAIN—HE ISN'T TO BE FOUND, SIR—

ALL OTHER PASSENGERS ARE ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR—

WE'VE CHECKED THE ENGINE ROOMS TOO, SIR—HE'S NOT BELOW—

A MINUTE SEARCH WAS MADE OF THE ENTIRE LINER BUT IN VAIN—HORACE DESREAU HAD UTTERLY DISAPPEARED, LEAVING NO TRACE—

SCOTLAND YARD
LONDON, ENG.

HAVE OFFICERS MEET
S.S. ADELAIDE IN
HARBOR TO ARREST
PASSENGER FOR
MURDER OF HORACE
DESREAU

DALGREN
NY TIMES-NEWS

FEELEY
NY TIMES-NEWS
GET STORY AND
PICTURES SET FOR
DESREAU MURDER.
"ROD" DERKS WILL
BE TAKEN BY
SCOTLAND YARD
OFFICERS AND
CHARGED WITH
THE KILLING.
I AM HIS ACCUSER.
DALGREN

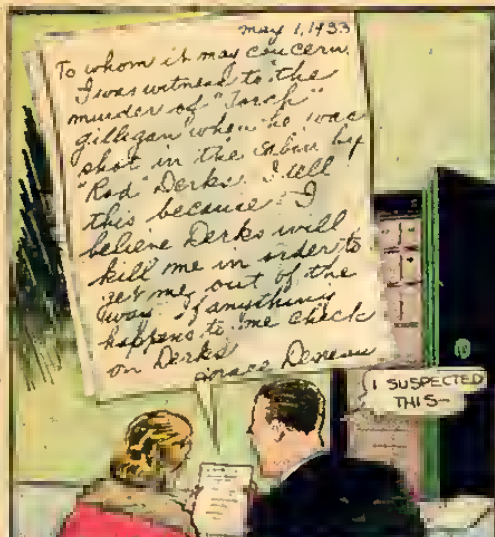
MR. DALGREN, I KNEW WHO YOU WERE—HORACE TOLD ME YOU WERE TO EXAMINE HIS PAPERS WITH ME IN CASE—IF—IF ANYTHING HAPPENED—



I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, MISS REYNOLDS—

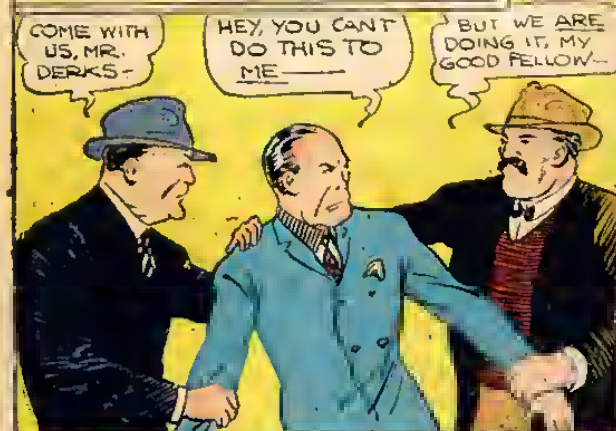
BING REMEMBERED DESREAU'S REQUEST AND AGAIN ON DECK MET MISS REYNOLDS—QUITE CALMLY SHE SUGGESTED THAT DALGREN JOIN HER TO ASK THE PURSER TO OPEN THE SAFE CONTAINING THE PAPERS MENTIONED BY DESREAU—

DALGREN IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIED THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SUSPICIONS— THEN HE SENT TWO WIRELESS MESSAGES, ONE TO SCOTLAND YARD, LONDON AND ONE TO JOHN FEELEY, HIS EDITOR—

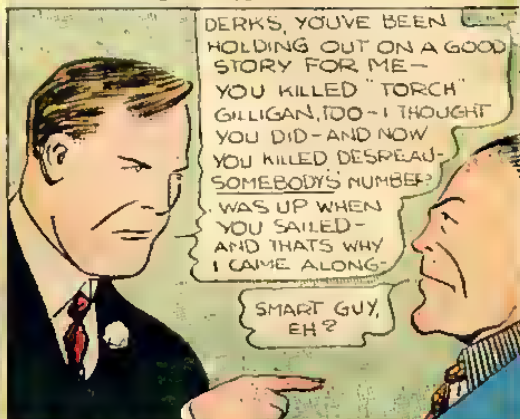


DALGREN, IN HIS IMAGINATION, SAW THE CRIME ENACTED DURING THE STORM AT SEA - LURING DESREAU TO THE AFT DECK THE TREACHEROUS DERKS FLUNG HIM OVER. THE FALL INTO THE BLACK WATER, WHICH SWALLOWED HIM, THE ONLY MAN WHO KNEW DERKS' HORRIBLE "SECRET" - NO ONE HAD WITNESSED THE MURDER OF DESREAU. DERKS THOUGHT HE HAD BEATEN THE LAW AGAIN -

THE PURSER OPENED THE SAFE AND MISS REYNOLDS AND DALGREN READ THE CONTENTS OF THE PAPERS WITH AMAZEMENT - IN THEM DESREAU, THE DEAD MAN, LITERALLY CONVICTED DERKS -



AS THE SHIP ENTERED THE HARBOR, IT WAS MET BY A TUGBOAT BEARING OFFICERS FROM SCOTLAND YARD - "ROD" DERKS WAS SEIZED AND FRANTICALLY HE DENIED MURDERING DESREAU -

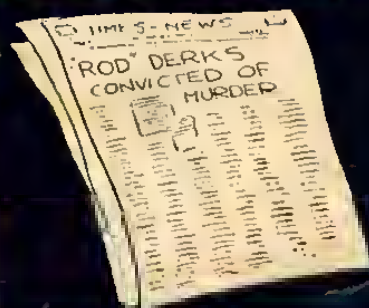


THEN DALGREN CHALLENGED DERKS AND CHARGED HIM WITH THE MURDER OF BOTH DESREAU AND "TORCH" GILLIGAN - MISS REYNOLDS CORROBORATED THE CHARGE - MISS REYNOLDS WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF DESREAU - DERKS DID NOT KNOW THIS AND THOUGHT HE COULD WIN HER - HOW HE HAD OBTAINED HER PHOTO WAS NEVER REVEALED -

THE LAST MILE



EXTRADITED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, DERKS WENT TO TRIAL - A SMART PROSECUTOR DROVE HIM INTO A CORNER, CONFRONTED HIM WITH DESREAU'S STATEMENT AND OTHER EVIDENCE - "ROD" DERKS, DIDN'T HANG AROUND LONG - HIS LAST SEAT WAS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR -



DALGREN SCORED A NATIONAL SCOOP

THORNTON FISHER



**COMPLETE
READY
TO USE**



PART
OF A
LEAF



DROP
OF WATER
MAGNIFIED



FLY'S FOOT



DRAGON FLY'S
EYE

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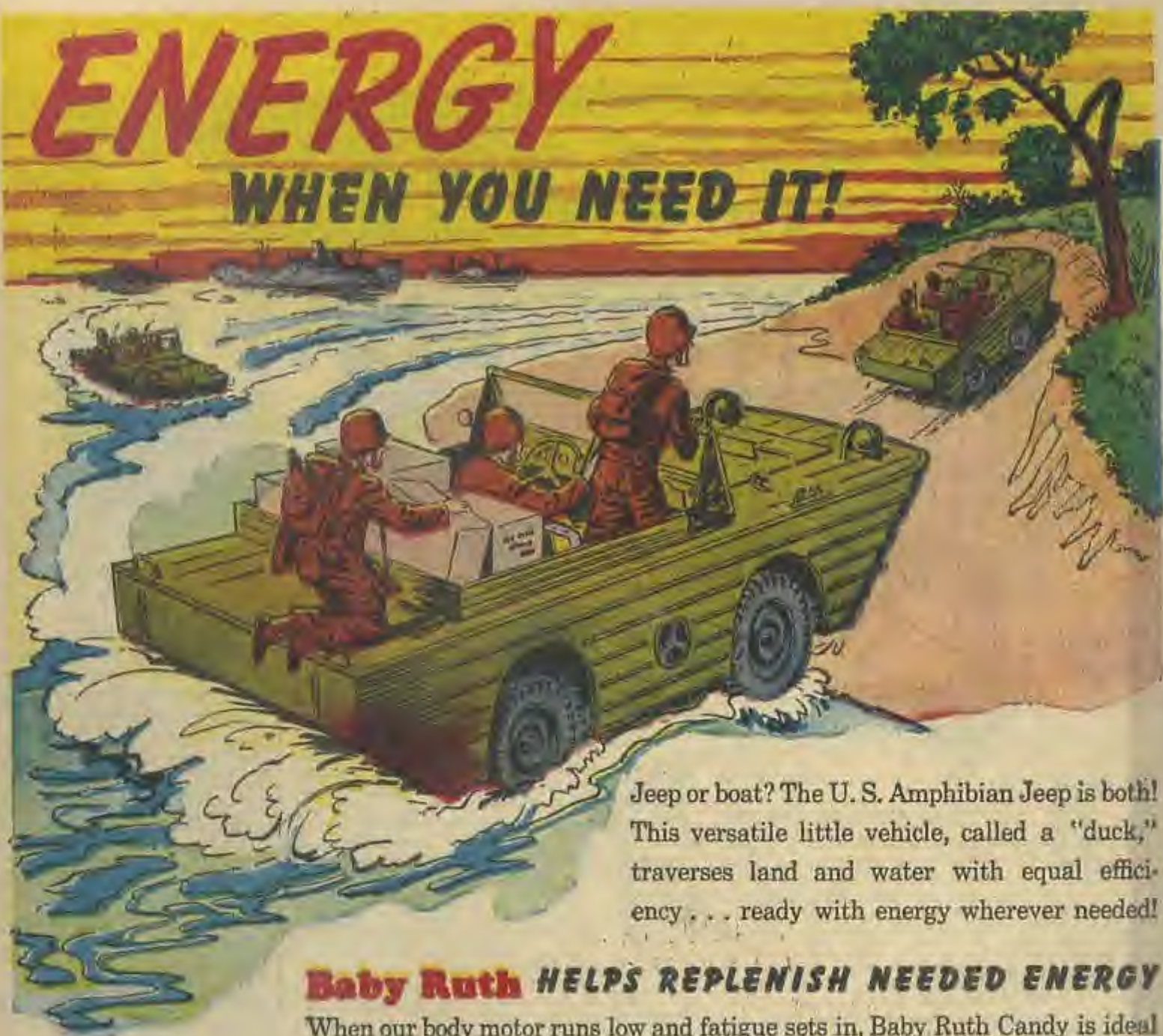


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